

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

NO. 9.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:16 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:19 A. M. Daily.
12:14 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sunday Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:38, 4:59, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:33, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:30 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sun-
days, 8:00 to 9:30 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:05 12:20
South. 4:15 4:35

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 8:50 12:30
South. 6:30 4:30
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning
service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen
Butchers' Protective and Benevo-
lent Association, will meet every
Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen
Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain. Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger. Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock. Redwood City
ASSESSOR
O. D. Hayward. Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson. Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield. Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker. Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton. Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

HOPEFUL OVER THE SITUATION.

Taft Says Conditions in the Philippines Are
Misunderstood in the United States.

Manila.—Over 400 members of the
Federal party called on Governor Taft
to bid him farewell and to wish him a
safe return. The Governor, reclining
on a lounge, addressed 150 of the most
prominent of his visitors, saying that
he was touched and honored by their
presence. The organization, he added,
had done so much toward bringing about
peace and giving the country a stable
party that it argued more for the suc-
cess of American labor than anything
else during the recent critical times.

The reports circulated in the United
States, founded on incidents connected
with the war in Batangas province and
the island of Samar, the Governor said,
tend to convey a wrong impression of
the situation, which is really hopeful.
Through its officers, the constabulary
and the provincial governments, besides
850 teachers, the Commission had ex-
cellent means of acquiring information
in the organized provinces, and it con-
sidered that there never was a time when
there has been so much real ground for
hopefulness and encouragement in re-
gard to the attitude of the Filipino peo-
ple toward the civil government.

Big Paper Factory Burned.

Hamilton, Ohio.—The Champion
Coated Paper Company, the largest of
its kind in the United States, caught
fire at 11:30 o'clock Sunday night and
was completely destroyed. Four hun-
dred persons will be thrown out of
work.

Agents of the match trust have been
negotiating for the absorption of the
match factories of Europe. Some are
not willing to sell on the terms offered.

WORLD'S NEWS IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Happenings of Interest in Both Hemispheres Told in Brief Items.

PACIFIC COAST.

The mounting of a large reflecting
telescope for Lick Observatory has just
been completed. This telescope is note-
worthy, as when the mirrors are com-
plete it will be shipped to Chile for ob-
servation of the movement of stars in
the southern hemisphere.

The southbound stage between Lay-
tonville and Willits was held up at 6
o'clock Saturday morning and robbed.
The express box and registered mail
pouch were taken. Sheriff Smith re-
turned late the same afternoon with
John Evans, who confessed to having
committed the crime. Evans is a driver
on the stage route between Willits and
Fort Bragg.

Captain Thomas Jamieson of the British
bark Pinnore, which was abandoned
recently off the Washington coast, was
completely exonerated by the board of
inquiry. It was the sense of the board
that the casualty was caused by the
shifting of ballast, and while the aban-
donment was premature, the court be-
lieves the master was justified in the
course he took, having regard to the
danger to the lives of the crew.

Within a few weeks two daughters of
William Reavis, a prosperous farmer of
Prescott, Wash., have eloped and been
married against their parents' wishes.
Reavis' daughters are Alta, aged 16, and
Cora, aged 19. Last month Alta
started Prescott by eloping to Seattle
with her second cousin, Cliff Reavis,
and successfully eluding capture until
she was married. Monday Cora slipped
away from the home of her father and
got married too.

About thirty farmers along the Sacra-
mento river organized a Farmers'
Transportation Company last summer
and purchased the new steam barge Val-
letta, built at Benicia, 200 feet long, 38
feet beam, very light draught, carrying
500 tons and a few passengers, and for
three months past this farmers' boat has
been delivering the grain of its owners
at Port Costa, and it is now employed in
general freight business between San
Francisco and points on the river, stop-
ping at twenty places and farm landings.

The Merced Star says that the pro-
duction and exportation of mules is quite
an important industry in the San Joa-
quin valley. Mule buyers have been nu-
merous this season. One from Missouri,
who has been doing business in the val-
ley for three months, purchased and
shipped to his State 3000 head. Some of
them were destined for coal mines in
Pennsylvania and some for Canada. The
prices paid ranged from \$60 to \$100. Last
Thursday a shipment of five carloads of
these animals was made from Merced
over the Santa Fe road. Notwithstand-
ing the large number of mules shipped
out of the valley within the past few
months there are large numbers of them
remaining. At present prices the raising
of mules would seem to be a profitable
industry.

DOMESTIC.

It is said that the President has offered
the Treasury portfolio to Govern-
or W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts.

The tariff of 2 cents per pound on
raisins is said to have been the cause of
a reduction in the importation from
Malaga from one and a quarter million
boxes twenty years ago to less than
seventy-five thousand boxes per year at
present.

The division of insular affairs of the
War Department has issued a statement
showing that the customs revenues in
the Philippines for the nine months
ended September 30, 1901, were \$6,275,-
295, as compared with \$5,484,920 for
the same period of 1900 and \$3,462,128
for 1899.

A battle with firearms occurred near
Sandersville, Fla., between the Hogan
and Dorman families. A feud had ex-
isted between the two families for a
long time. The dead are Joshua Hogan
and Willie Dorman. The injured are
Andrew Nain and Thad Dorman, who
is said to be fatally wounded. Lewis
Hogan is missing, and his friends are
searching for him.

New York society is preparing to
welcome Mrs. Howard Gould, who was
the beautiful actress, Katherine Clem-
mons, into the inner circle. Mr. and
Mrs. Gould recently returned in their
palatial yacht Niagara, after an exten-
sive cruise abroad. Mrs. Gould had the
pleasure of entertaining the German
Emperor and a number of other royal
personages aboard the Niagara.

While entering harbor at Ludington,

Mich., last Saturday night, during a
heavy gale, the Pere Marquette car ferry
No. 16 struck a bar, disabling her ma-
chinery and breaking the main feed steam
pipes, letting great volumes of steam es-
cape. A coal passer was scalded to death,
two other coal passers were terribly scald-
ed, and many others who were in the hold
received bad burns. Those aboard ex-
perienced great hardships during the
nine hours that followed before they
were rescued. The accident happened
at midnight, and during the remainder
of the night there was neither light nor
heat on the boat, while the wind was
bitterly cold. Great seas rolled across
the deck and ice formed wherever the
water fell.

The President has removed Appraiser
Wilbur F. Wakeman of New York on
the recommendation of Secretary Gage.
He will be succeeded by George White-
head of New York. Appraiser Wake-
man wrote a letter to the Secretary de-
clining to resign, and in the course of
which he took occasion to reflect upon
Secretary Gage. The President did not
approve of the spirit of the letter, and
at the conference it was decided to sum-
marily remove Wakeman.

Perry Belmont has been nominated
by the Democrats of the Seventh Con-
gressional District, New York, to suc-
ceed Congressman Nicholas Muller, re-
signed. Montague Lester was nomi-
nated by the Republicans. A row occurred
in the Democratic convention before any
nomination had been made. The police
cleared the hall, and part of the dele-
gates went to another hall and nomi-
nated Mr. Belmont. The other delegates
refused to take any part in this conven-
tion.

An immense sensation has been
caused in Masonic circles throughout
the country by the discovery that lodges
are being formed in New York City and
elsewhere by expelled and clandestine
Masons, and that all the secrets of the
order are being peddled out commercially
at the rate of \$15 a head. The sensa-
tion in fraternal circles promises to be
the greatest since the time in 1828, when
William Morgan was taken from his
home in Batavia, New York, and
thrown to his death in Lake Ontario.
Morgan's threat to reveal Masonry in
a book, it is alleged, led to his death.

FOREIGN.

W. W. Peet, treasurer of the Turkish
mission in Constantinople, and M. Gar-
guilo, dragoman of the United States
Legation, are still at Salonica, endeavor-
ing to open negotiations with the brig-
ands who hold captive Miss Ellen M.
Stone, and to fix a rendezvous with
them.

The Berlin correspondent of the Lon-
don Standard claims to have the best
authority for saying that Germany and
the United States have arrived at an
agreement on the subject of Venezuela's
indebtedness to Germany. Except the
permanent occupation of Venezuelan
territory, says the correspondent, Ger-
many may choose her own means of in-
forcing the payment of the claim of the
discount company against the Northern
Railroad.

The authorities at Beirut, Syria, have
notified naturalized American citizens
that they must renounce their natural-
ization within fifteen days, otherwise
they will be expelled from Turkey. Spencer
Eddy, first secretary of the legation
at Constantinople, has made an ener-
getic protest in the matter. He has
written the Turkish authorities, de-
manding the withdrawal of the measure.
The incident may become serious, owing
to the absence of a naturalization
treaty.

It is rumored in Canada that negotia-
tions in regard to the Alaska boundary
question, pending during the settlement
of the Nicaraguan canal question and
the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote
treaty, are about to be resumed. Diplo-
matic overtures have again been made
to the United States to refer the ques-
tion to arbitration. This, it is thought,
is an opportune time to again bring up
the subject, as the opinion is held that
in view of Great Britain's generous be-
havior touching the Nicaragua canal,
the United States might consent to ar-
bitration on conditions honorable to
both parties.

The break-down of England's tele-
graphic system, which is still in a state
of semi-chaos as the result of the recent
severe storm, has produced a widespread
demand for underground wires. This
system is already in use between Lon-
don and Birmingham, and is being ex-
tended northward. It is estimated that
London alone lost £200,000 by the break-
ing down of the telegraph wires, while
the railroads calculate their loss from
the same cause at about £40,000.
Though the damage was inflicted over a
week ago, telegraphic and telephonic
communication between London and the
provinces is still incomplete and, in
some instances, is not yet restored.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Happenings in the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast Told in Short Dispatches.

The annual meeting of the California
Water and Forest Association was held
at the Palace Hotel last Friday and Sat-
urday.

The disastrous collision on the South-
ern Pacific coast line at Uplands early
Thursday morning has resulted in five
deaths, so far as is now known.

Chinatown is again at peace. The
Chinese tongs, established for the per-
petuation of vengeance, have signed a
treaty agreeing not to commit any more
murders for thirty days.

Fire broke out Sunday in the coal
that formed the cargo of the ship C. S.
Sargent, while she was lying at the
Mission street wharf. She was run
ashore and pumped full of water, the
fire being finally extinguished.

Mrs. William Inch, in a runaway
buggy, was hurled over the embankment
near Sutro Heights Sunday afternoon,
and precipitated down the yielding sand
dunes fifty feet, along with the vehicle
and the terrified horse. Fortunately,
she was scarcely hurt, but the buggy
was badly twisted and considerably dam-
aged.

When the transport Meade returns to
San Francisco, on or about January
15th, there will be an official investiga-
tion, which promises to produce some
interesting, if not sensational revela-
tions. The investigation is the out-
growth of the recent disturbance among
the Meade's engineer officers, some of
whom resigned rather than go to sea in
a vessel obviously undermanned in her
engine-room department.

The injured victims of the recent
wreck on the Southern Pacific coast line,
who are still undergoing medical treat-
ment at the Railroad Hospital, are on
the road to recovery. While the condi-
tion of Express Messenger Martin was
regarded as extremely serious on the day
of the big disaster, he is now entirely
out of danger, and his complete recovery
is only a matter of time. His broken
ribs and collar bone will keep him con-
fined to bed for a few weeks.

While William Leech and John
Wiley were at prayer meeting in the
Central Methodist Church Sunday after-
noon, a stranger entered the meeting
and told Leech that he was wanted out-
side. Leech obeyed the message, and,
accompanied by his friend, Wiley,
stepped to the church door. As he
passed out two unknown men suddenly
attacked him and gave him a fearful
beating about the face and head. Wiley
interfered, and he, too, was given a bad
beating. Satisfied with their work the
two unknown men ran down Mission
street and disappeared before they could
be arrested. It is believed that labor
troubles led to the difficulty.

Abe Paulsen, mate on the ferry boat
Tiburon, distinguished himself by jump-
ing overboard when the boat was far
out in the bay, and saving the life of
Henry Darnel of Alameda, whose small
boat had capsized.

Darnel, who is a member of the En-
cinal Yacht Club, was in a canoe. The
Tiburon had barely passed him when a
sudden squall struck the canoe's canvas,
capsizing the little boat. The man floun-
dered about excitedly. He was in great
danger of going to the bottom, when
Mate Paulsen leaped into the water and
made for the drowning man. He reached
him safely, and succeeded in keeping
him above water until a boat from the
Tiburon put off and rescued both men.

Clara Kluge has made a final settle-
ment in her long-contested suit against
the estate of the late Adolph Sutro,
which has dragged along for over three
years. What the terms of the settle-
ment are is not known to any but the
immediate parties to it and their
counsel. Mrs. Clara Kluge—or, as
she is better known, Mrs. Clara
Kluge-Sutro—claimed to be the wife of
Adolph Sutro by a contract marriage
effected, as she said, in 1893, as soon
as the death of Sutro's first wife per-
mitted. In the early nineties two chil-
dren were born to her, a boy and a girl,
both of whom are said to bear strong
resemblance to Sutro. It was not until
October 25, 1898, that she opened the
legal battle for what she regarded as
her rights, and those of her children,
by bringing suit for her widow's dower of
one-third of the estate, and for one-
fourth for her children.

Big Utica Building Burned.

Utica (N. Y.).—A four-story build-
ing known as the Reynolds block, at
the corner of John and Catharine
streets, was destroyed by fire Sunday.
Loss, \$387,000; insurance, \$208,000.

EIGHT TIMES A BIGAMIST.

Christian C. Nelson Holds the Record for
Plural Marriages.

Los Angeles.—Christian C. Nelson,
alias Nelson Foster, Captain A. N. Free-
land, John Anderson and Nelson Porter,
is one of the most-loved beings wearing
trousers.

On December 7th the Times published
an exclusive account of the bigamist's
record, which included five wedding
tours. The publicity given has just
brought inquiries from three more of his
victims in the East. He has two wives
at St. Paul, Minn., and one at Platts-
burg, Mo. The authorities of all the big
Eastern cities are now watching for him,
and unless he has left the country, which
is likely, his early capture is very prob-
able.

To his Los Angeles victim, a wealthy
Oregon farmer's daughter, a Salt Lake
City belle, a Sumner, S. S. woman and
Mayor Van Wyck's relative, five in all,
there are now added three more alliances.
On September 28th, at St. Paul, Minn.,
he was married by Rev. Olsen, and he
took his bride to Chicago, stripped her
of her valuables and left her.

Nelson then wrote to Miss Laura
Shultz, a saleswoman for Ransom &
Horton, furriers, of St. Paul, and asked
her to come to Chicago and be his wife.
She drew all her savings, resigned her
position and went to Chicago, where she
was married. The next day she was
alone and penniless in a strange city.

Attorney George T. Sanders of this
city has prosecuted a diligent inquiry on
behalf of Nelson's victim in this city.
To-day he received a letter from Platts-
burg, Mo., saying that Nelson was the
man who married the widowed sister of
Mrs. H. Schneidemeyer in September
last. Mrs. Schneidemeyer says her sis-
ter had two children, and Nelson robbed
her of \$900 in Kansas City, while they
were on the way to Los Angeles.

GREAT VALUE TO SCIENCE.

Alleged Discovery of an Antiseptic for Intes-
tinal Diseases.

Ann Arbor (Mich.).—Startling is the
only word that will describe the result
of certain experiments that have been
made at the bacteriological laboratory
of the University of Michigan. An
absolute antiseptic for all intestinal
diseases, such as cholera, typhoid fever
and dysentery, has been found. Some-
time ago Dr. Frederick G. Novy, a
well-known bacteriologist, and Profes-
sor Paul C. Freer, a chemist, an-
nounced that together they had suc-
ceeded in preparing an intestinal anti-
septic that was successful on small ani-
mals inoculated for intestinal diseases.
They gave the name of "benzozone"
to the preparation, but its exact com-
position is not yet made public.

The proper degree of treatment in a
human being then became the study of
Dr. Novy. During the last week five
sophomore medical students, who had
volunteered their services for experi-
mental purposes, were treated with
benzozone. They were allowed nothing
to eat, and were given only sterilized
milk to drink. Each day at meal
times the five students went to the la-
boratory and took their doses of benzo-
zone and then drank their milk. Re-
peated chemical analysis showed a total
destruction of intestinal poisons.

This is the first step in the experi-
ment upon human beings, and its suc-
cess has been such that every study of
the new preparation is enthusiastic.
The next step will be to try it on an
actual case of disease in the human
body.

J. J. VALENTINE DIES.

Succumbed to His Illness After Struggling
for Days for Life.

Oakland.—John J. Valentine, presi-
dent of the Wells-Fargo Express Com-
pany, died at his home at 1:30 o'clock
Saturday morning. Last night Dr. Guy
Lilientanz notified the immediate mem-
bers of the family that the patient could
not last more than twenty-four hours.
He was surrounded by members of his
family when death came.

John J. Valentine was born at Bowling
Green, Ky., on November 12, 1840. He
received a common school education, and
began his career as a business man in
1854, with the agents for Carter Thomas
& Company's stage line, since which time
he has been almost continuously in the
express business. Soon after he entered
the employ of this firm the construction
of railroads was commenced in Ken-
tucky, and upon their completion he be-
came identified with the Adams Express
Company, continuing in its service until
1861, when he resigned. Soon after-
ward he came to California, where he
was appointed joint agent for the Wells
Fargo & Co's. Express, the Pioneer Stage
and California State Telegraph com-

panies at Strawberry Valley in El Dorado
County.

Thence he was transferred to Virginia,
Nev., as agent for the Overland Mail
and the Pioneer Stage Companies, finally
becoming superintendent of the latter
corporation. A few years later he was
appointed superintendent of the Pacific
division of Wells Fargo & Co's. Express,
and as the interests of that corporation
expanded he was summoned to New
York and appointed general superinten-
dent, with headquarters at the metropo-
lis, in 1869. About a year later, how-
ever, the headquarters of the company
were transferred to this city, since which
time he has resided in California. In
1882 he was elected a director and vice-
president of the company, and soon
afterward he was created general man-
ager.

Stabbed Four Times.

Madera.—Sam Monahan, a horse doc-
tor, Friday night stabbed Bob Tuggle
four times in the left leg with a pocket-
knife. The most dangerous wound is
in the left groin. The men had been en-
gaged in a friendly game of cards for
drinks, and Tuggle twitted Monahan
about a bad play he had made. This
seemed to anger Monahan, who called
Tuggle a liar, which the latter resented
by knocking the horse doctor down.

While on the floor Monahan drew a
knife which he had open in his pocket
and slashed Tuggle four times. He then
ran out of the saloon, and was later
captured by Constable Hedges while try-
ing to get his horse out of a stable.
Tuggle was taken to Dr. Byars' office,
where his wounds were dressed. The
cuts are dangerous, but not necessarily
fatal.

Keep a diary of your experience, and
profit by your failures.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || ||
Wood and Coal. || || ||

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good
news

We have just received a
large shipment of the famous
Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most pop-
ular American whiskey in the
world.

It is a pure, old honest pro-
duct.

It is distilled from selected
grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant
combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

How to go to war and not get hurt is a South American art.

If a man does one bad act and it is found out it casts a shadow over a dozen former good ones.

However, Prof. Herron's idea of marriage do not seem particularly popular outside his family.

We can forgive a man for a good many other shortcomings if we know he is a slave to the bathing habit.

Thrift is that quality which enables an Italian to start out with a basket of fruit and finish by owning a block of business houses.

Andrew Carnegie finds so many persons who are willing to make sacrifices to help him get rid of his money that he is obliged to slip out the back way to avoid them.

A writer in one of the magazines makes a plea for the microbe on humane grounds. It had generally been thought that the microbe was amply able to look out for itself.

Greater guns will not make war impossible. War was to be made impossible when spears and arrows gave way to firearms; but there has been more or less killing right along just the same.

An idiot was cured by surgery in New York. A section of his skull was excised and the brain began to expand and so perform that function foreign to so many society young men—viz., thinking.

Between the criminal activity on the part of professional politicians and criminal indifference upon the part of prosperous and easy-going citizens the vitality might easily be squeezed out of free government.

Emperor William certainly has the soldier business on the brain. His bed, they say, is a regulation camp bed, and the covering an army blanket. It's a wonder he doesn't sleep in a pup tent and fry his own sausage.

"It is impossible to teach a child English when he lives in a bad-English atmosphere at home," said President Eliot, of Harvard, recently. "You have got to get at the whole population first." Is it arguing in a circle to comment that the whole population begins, like charity, at home?

J. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have bought an English shipyard where he can build 21-knot steamers. Still King Edward is making preparations for the coronation. He must think Mr. Morgan intends, after getting it all bought, to let England go on pretending it has the same old system of government.

What will this world do when all its pet heroes are banished by superabundance of testimony? William Tell long ago went the way of the unreliable. Then the iconoclasts doubted whether Phil Sheridan rode to Winchester on an eventful day. Now they are questioning whether General Israel Putnam really galloped down a flight of stone steps on a gallant charger. Poor George Washington! It will be his turn next.

It may comfort those who are haunted by fear of germs in ice to learn on unimpeachably scientific authority that even those germs which do not die of cold do not inhabit ice. When the surface gets too chilly they move into warm waters, and so are not found in dangerous quantities in ice, even when the water is badly infected, unless the freezing was so thorough as to reach the bottom and leave the germs no room for escape.

The stay-at-home vote is large. If all of it could be brought out in favor of good government it, coupled with other elements, would very often carry the day and dislodge corrupt forces long entrenched in power. Many attempts have been made to interest this class of men in public affairs. Even compulsory voting laws have been proposed and it is seriously urged that qualified electors who do not exercise the franchise should be punished by the government.

It would be the most poetic form of poetic justice if Pinkerton's impracticable proposal to transport all the anarchists to a sea island could be carried out, especially if they were left to govern themselves for a few months. In just about three days the most talkative of them would be longing for the detested regulations and laws of society to protect them from their more active associates. It has frequently been noticed that they are exceedingly lively in claiming the protection of the laws, they condemn.

Miss Kate Greenaway, who died in London recently, though not a great artist in the ordinary acceptance of the term, enjoyed as widespread popularity as any living member of her profession. It is doubtful whether any contemporary artist is better known in this country or in Europe. Her admirers are numbered by hundreds of thousands, if not by millions, in American and English homes. Her works are almost equally well known on the continent, notwithstanding the vogue of her great French rival, Bonnet de Monville, whose quaint children are fitting companions of the delightful cre-

ations of Miss Greenaway. Although her general work in water colors was of such high standard as to secure for her admission to membership in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, she was principally known by her pictures of children in old-fashioned costumes which more than once have been appropriated by the fashion makers. Her work may not have been according to the canons of high art, but it gave delight to every one who saw it, and always safely challenged criticism. The artists, as well as the laity, conceded her unique position and the charm of her exquisite art, which for delicacy, refinement, color, and composition stands in a class by itself, so far as England is concerned. Her death leaves De Monville almost alone in that field of painting.

A barrister in England has written to the President of the University of Iowa coolly proposing to buy the honorary degree of doctor of laws for the son of one of his clients. This client, according to the English lawyer's letter, is a leading member of the House of Commons, whose son is an aspirant also for Parliamentary honors. The epistle further explains that the hopeful son of an English house would be greatly benefited in the furtherance of his legal and political ambitions, if he could procure the much-coveted degree. The complacent tone of the letter would be insulting to American institutions of learning, were it not redeemed by its very absurdity. It certainly cannot be the prevailing idea in England that American colleges and universities are willing to sell for cash the highly honored degrees they confer, and we can only infer that the legal gentleman and his political client are vastly ignorant of matters outside of their own professions. It is hardly necessary to remark that the application was rejected, as the University of Iowa, in common with other American institutions, is not in the habit of selling honorary degrees. Yet, after all, perhaps the British barrister may be excused for his blunder, when one stops to consider the ridiculous prominence with which degrees have been conferred of late by several colleges, as "honorary." True, they have not been sold for cash, but when self-respect gets the better of free advertising and fads in American educational institutions, American degrees will be more honorable and will attract more respect, at home as well as abroad.

That was a characteristic thrust by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the well-known Jewish leader of Chicago, when, defending foreigners from the charge that they are inimical to the best type of American citizenship, he said: "We foreigners at least know how to spell English, and that seems to be more than the natives can do." Is it true that foreign-born citizens spell the English language better than American natives? Candor compels an affirmative answer. Dr. Hirsch did not go into details, but he might have given his audience some specific reasons for this anomaly. He was merely resenting the assertion by a narrow and bigoted proportion of American citizens that the native born are superior as a rule to those of foreign extraction. Foreign-born Americans, when they are educated at all, have a technical mastery of the English language that compels them to be good spellers. They are educated possibly in the English tongue later in life than native-born American children. They know nothing of the new spelling fads such as are being introduced into American schools. They learn the English language from sheer necessity and their mastery over it is gained by herculean wrestling with its structural foundation and its orthography. Deficiency in spelling ordinary English words is the scandal and disgrace of modern public school methods. Graduates are turned out of our high schools and even out of our universities who cannot write an orthographically correct page of English. Their heads may be full of science and other advanced studies, but they cannot reproduce a hundred words of their simple mother tongue without blunders in spelling. The foreign-born American, as Dr. Hirsch says, has the best of it in this technical mastery of his adopted language. It should be a lesson to the framers of our school studies. We ought to have a new generation of spellers.

Not a Traveler.
Jules Verne, in spite of the fact that so many of his books relate to doings in foreign parts, has traveled very little. When he is going to write a story and has settled the scene of it he sets to work to read up books relating to that particular part of the world. Perhaps it is just as well that he is not dependent, as so many novelists are, on visiting different countries before describing them, as otherwise he would have been compelled to travel to the moon and journey both in the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth. Jules Verne once owned a yacht, but he never got beyond the Mediterranean in it, though he is intensely fond of the sea.

Decline of Burglary.
Burglary no longer pays in London. The police reports for last year show that the whole fraternity of burglars earned only \$96,000.

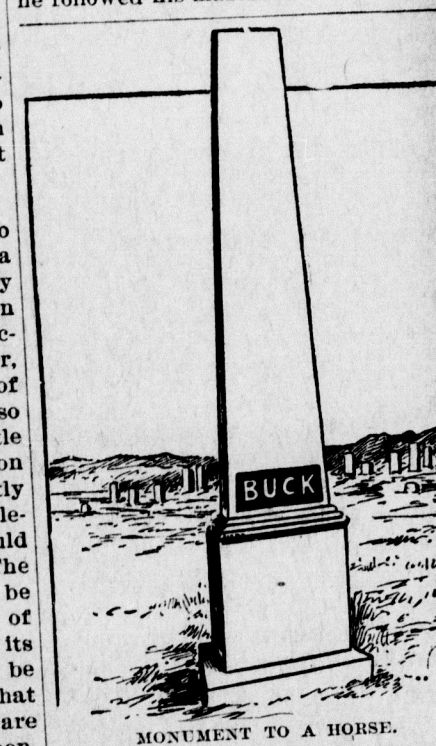
Maxim Cavalry Gun.
The Maxim cavalry gun, which fires 700 shots a minute, weighs but 30 pounds and can be strapped upon a soldier's back.

A man who plays cards for a living never has anything except the backache.

The fool who had much wanted more—and lost all.

NOTABLE MONUMENT TO A LOVED HORSE.

In the beautiful Lakeview Cemetery at Seattle, Wash., can be seen as strange a monument and grave as one can find. The monument was erected by W. I. Wadleigh. It marks the grave of his favorite horse Buck. This horse had been his constant companion for years. He was a magnificent animal, a thoroughbred which stood fifteen hands high and was so affectionate that he followed his master about like a dog



MONUMENT TO A HORSE.

and seemed to fret and pine away if he left him only a short time.

The inscription on the monument is as follows:

"BUCK."
My favorite cattle horse.
Died September 20, 1884.
Aged 18 years and 6 months.
For thirteen years by trusted companion in blackness of night, in storm, sunshine and danger.

On the north side is one word, "Corralled." On the opposite side you read: "In Adversity, Faithful."

Near the resting place of the horse is his master's grave. Mr. Wadleigh had preferred to rest by the side of his noble horse, instead of by his family.

WATER BAG HOOD TO CURE HEADACHES.

Did you ever hear of a water bag for the head? Here is one, and the inventor of it is a woman, Stella Rowe, of Cincinnati, O. The bag is shaped like a hood, is tied under the chin of the wearer and has an opening at the top, into which water, hot or cold, is poured. If you happen to have a headache you will want ice water, but something else may be the trouble and hot water will serve the purpose better. It is an easy way of applying hot or cold compresses to the head, and the bag being divided into compartments, only one or two of them may be filled, if preferred.



Notable Sermons.
The pulpit at Westminster Abbey was once occupied by a preacher who was not a clergyman, and had never been ordained. This was in December, 1873, when Dean Stanley invited Prof. Max Mueller to preach on the religions of the world. It was one of the most interesting sermons ever heard, and when printed afterward brought in several hundred pounds.

The world's sermon record is held by the late Mr. Spurgeon. His sermons have been published weekly for fifty years past, and there are still enough to last several years more. Over 100,000,000 copies have been sold, and their profits exceed those of any other half dozen preachers.

For the most valuable single sermon ever preached, it is, however, not Mr. Spurgeon, but Canon Fleming, who holds the record. This discourse was first heard from the pulpit of Sandringham Church, on the sad occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence. It was afterward published and its profits have since amounted to a total of £1,498 (\$7,490). The money has been equally divided between the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home for Incurables.—London Answers.

A Belated Concert.
Mme. Nordica and her husband, Zoltan Dome, were spending the last summer in a little village in the Black Forest. For six weeks in summer the hotel is full, but the guests during this particular season had no great love for music.

One day some strolling musicians announced a concert, but when they took their places in readiness an audience of only two, besides Mme. Nordica and Mr. Dome, put in appearance. Fifteen minutes passed in waiting, and then Mr. Dome disappeared.

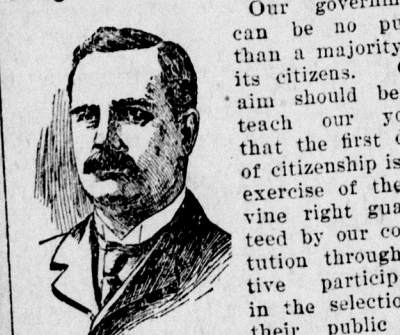
In half an hour a procession was seen coming up the street; he had awakened the villagers, and on strength of an invitation to be his guests they dressed themselves and came to the concert, which, as a result, was begun by the comforted musicians at about the hour it should have ended.—Philadelphia Post.

Coral Dust as Tooth Powder.
The debris left from coral made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as tooth powder at a high price by Italian perfumers.

A rich man who gives nothing is like a tree without fruit.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Danger of "Educated Ignorance."

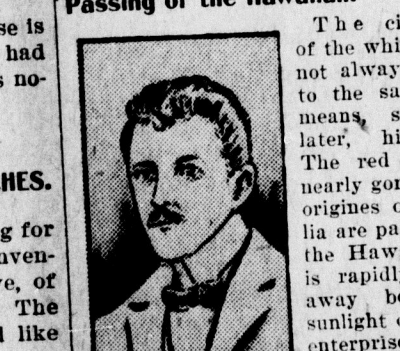


Our government can be no purer than a majority of its citizens. Our aim should be to teach our youth that the first duty of citizenship is the exercise of the divine right guaranteed by our constitution through active participation in the selection of their public servants and in deciding upon those policies of government which shall prevail. Government cannot be made perfect any more than the human mind may attain omniscience, but as education advances and we can improve upon old methods, and we can demand from our public servants honesty and fidelity, and by the exercise of the elective franchise in our primaries and caucuses secure the highest standard of ability. If, however, as is too often the case, the so-called higher education leads us to forego this right, then we deserve misgovernment and spoliation and the arraying of one portion of our people against the other. Ignorance provokes discontent, and if I may be permitted to use the term, "educated ignorance" provokes anarchy and confusion.

Teach our youth that the principles for which our forefathers fought are as dear to them as to those who took part in that great struggle; teach them that the great battles which ended in the emancipation of the slave are the glory of our country and were but another step in advance in our system of government; imbue them with respect for our flag; teach them that our country is really the home for those who love liberty, that it is truly the refuge for the oppressed, and that it offers equal opportunities to all.

BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR.,
Governor of New York.

Passing of the Hawaiian.



The civilization of the white man is not always a boon to the savage; it means, sooner or later, his doom. The red men are nearly gone, the aborigines of Australia are passing, and the Hawaiian race is rapidly melting away before the sunlight of civilized enterprise.

In 1853 there were 71,019 Hawaiians in the islands still, even though foreigners had already begun introducing civilization. In 1872 the native population had dwindled to 49,044, to which must be added 1,487 part Hawaiians—children of an Hawaiian mother and a foreign husband.

The next twelve years saw a further drop to 40,144, and an increase of part Hawaiians to 4,218, while in 1890 there were only 34,436 Hawaiians and 6,189 part Hawaiians. Six years later the Hawaiians numbered 31,019, and the mixed population 8,485. The latest census brings to light the fact that not only has the pure native population continued to diminish, but the part Hawaiian numbers have decreased from 8,485 to 7,835. The Hawaiian population is now actually one-third the number of the Japanese im-

VICTIM OF HER OWN BEAUTY.

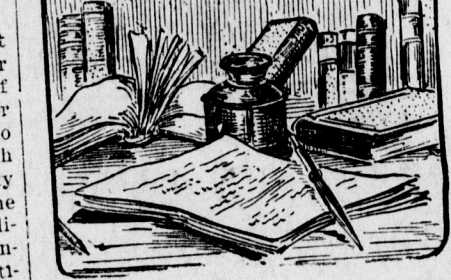
Miss Helen Vanderbilt-Wackerman, who is a young woman in the worst stages of insanity. Her eyes have a terrifying look, her once handsome features have lost much of their beauty, and she suffers from delusions, refusing to eat because



MISS VANDERBILT-WACKERMAN.

she believes that some one has attempted to poison her.

A year ago this young woman was a merry creature—one of the most idolized persons in London society. She is Helen Vanderbilt-Wackerman, and her home is in Buffalo, from which city she went to London three years ago to study music and art. Her beauty won men. Her face, forehead, hands and neck were all of a soft ivory tint. Her hair is golden, her eyes are brown, and her shoulders and neck of such formation that artists raved over her. Several painted her and others sought her for a "pose." One of the portraits was by Ellis Roberts, and so strikingly handsome was it that when it was hung in the Royal Academy by the Hanging Committee, of which Hubert von Herkomer was a member, he objected to it, for he said it was "too beautiful to be true." It was not like anything on earth. When introduced to the subject he realized that the portrait was not false and he appealed to her to sit for him. She granted the request, and

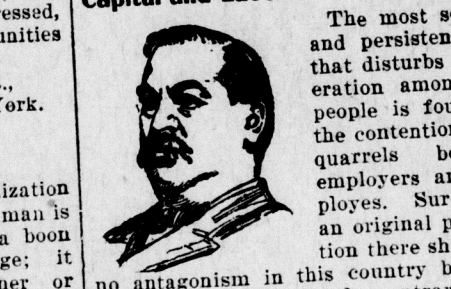


migrant; there have been 29,834 to over 61,000 Japanese. In fifty years there will be scarcely any Hawaiians left to inhabit the Hawaiian Islands. The old customs and habits of the Hawaiians are dying out faster even than the race itself. The Hawaiians do not work hard or systematically. In the old days, before the advent of missionaries and traders, all the Hawaiians lived comfortably without the need of working, thanks to the natural resources always available. Civilization brought to them the necessity of working for a living and seeing others occupy the lands which once were theirs. Japanese and Chinese and other alien races have come into the land, and the better kinds of work, and the Hawaiian is left principally to fishing and waiting, though even here the Chinese have intruded, and will soon drive out the poor Hawaiians.

It is sad to watch the passing of any race, and doubly so when the natives are such fine, well made, generous and good-natured souls. But the civilization of the white man is not kind to any of the colored races, and they go out one by one. With the end of the Hawaiians another picturesque race will have disappeared from this earth.

ALFRED STEAD,
Fellow Royal Colonial Society.

Capital and Labor.



The most serious and persistent evil that disturbs co-operation among people is found in the contentions and quarrels between employers and employees. Surely, as an original proposition there should be no antagonism in this country between labor and capital. On the contrary, they should be in one close alliance and friendship. Our institutions forbid that an explanation of such antagonism should be found in class jealousy and abuses.

I desire distinctly to disclaim any intention to suggest what may be the cause or causes of the dislocation which unfortunately so frequently occurs in the relationship of labor to capital. Whether it results from unreasonable and irritating demands on the part of labor, or whether our workingmen listen too credulously to the trouble arises from the greed and avarice of capital and of its immense aggregations, I do not pretend to say. Perhaps all these have a share in creating the difficulty. But there is antagonism in this relationship where there should be a generous unity of purpose.

The situation itself proves that some where there are members of our partnership in American citizenship who act in violation of partnership duty; and I am sure that the only remedy for this situation must be found in a return to the observances of the law of American co-operation. This return will not be accomplished by nursing real or im-

aginary injuries on the part of labor, not by lordly and selfish arrogance on the part of capital. A beginning must be made by conspicuous examples of a recognition of the duty and obligations which are the conditions upon which the full enjoyment of our partnership advantages depends.

These examples should induce conservative and tolerant counsel; they should be prominently recognized and appreciated, and constantly pressed upon the view of all who may be remiss in their obligations to American co-operation—whatever the scope and nature of these obligations may be.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

People Who Must Be Amused.

Sorry is the lot of the man or woman who must be amused every minute of the time. They dread a quiet Sunday afternoon or a rainy evening, when no one is likely to come in or it is impossible for them to go out.

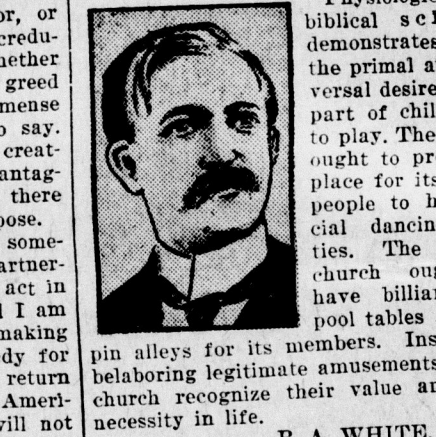
Of course, some of these people just "growed that way." When they were in infancy their mothers spent days and weeks doing nothing but keeping them in a good humor. They were never thrown on their own resources nor had to make the best of circumstances. On the other hand are the cheerful folk who are "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw." They manage to have a good time almost anywhere. A blessing upon these simple hearts who take the world as they find it, without a murmur and, always looking for the good and pleasant, realize essentially what they expect! They are the conservators of sane living in the world.

There is a class which amuses itself directly at the expense of others. It is composed of those who pride themselves upon their wit. Repartee and sharp little turns that have reference to another are a sort of revel to them. Bringing into notice the follies and peculiarities of even a friend is not beneath their purpose to pose as wits. But retribution in the form of the loss of friends and the faculty for perceiving the ludicrous, becoming at last weakened through overwork, degenerates into caricature, or positive silliness.

It does not need a long experience to show us that those who surrender themselves to the desire for amusement miss its realization. The everyday duties, the close-at-hand service, the longing to be worthy of the gift of life, while driving from the mind the unworthy aim toward getting a good time out of the world, will instead supply that peculiar, broad, varied, interest, which furnishes happiness, including that lower order of satisfaction named amusement.

MARY B. BALDWIN.

Ought to Have Pool Tables.



Physiological and biblical science demonstrates that the primal and universal desire on the part of children is to play. The church ought to provide a place for its young people to hold social dancing parties. The modern church ought to have billiard and pool tables and pin alleys for its members. Instead of belaboring legitimate amusements let the church recognize their value and their necessity in life.

R. A. WHITE, D. D.

There are many varieties of red peppers, or Chili peppers, in the market, of many shapes and sizes. They are all "hot" to the tongue, but some are hotter than others. One variety resembles a cherry in appearance, and these are called cherry peppers, and are hotter than all the others; in fact, no thermometer can go high enough to show their hotness. A box of these peppers was displayed in front of a commission store on Front street yesterday, the top layer packed with stems down, so that even an Oregonian might have taken—or, rather, mistaken—them for Royal Anne cherries. A passerby stopped to ask the price of the "cherries." He was told \$1.50 per box. He asked how much the expressage would be to his home in Kansas and was told 90 cents. He planked down \$2.40 and the box was marked with his address and handed to an express messenger.

When the Kansas man had gone a person who witnessed the transaction asked the dealer what he meant by swindling him. The dealer asked how, "By selling him peppers for cherries," was the answer. It then dawned on the dealer that the Kansas man had really supposed he was buying Oregon cherries, and he began to wonder what would happen in suffering, bleeding Kansas when the peppers reached there and were tasted. And he is still wondering.—Portland Oregonian.

Queer.

The prosaic individual who has outlived romance finds it hard to understand how two people can dawdle away hours and at their conclusion feel morally certain that only minutes have taken flight.

Lots of people are known as wicked because the towns they live in happen to be small.

If there is anything in hypnotism, why don't the bill collectors take it up?

VERY WELL FOR WOMEN.

This Is Not Good Enough for Lady Henry Somerset's Prototype.

Lady Henry Somerset, who has advised her young women proteges in an English industrial school so to perfect themselves that no body can say of them, "Oh, they do very well for women," is probably the foremost leader of the feminist movement in Great Britain.



LADY SOMERSET.

She is the daughter of the Earl and Countess Somers, and is now just 50 years old. In 1890 she first achieved considerable importance by her election to the Presidency of the British Woman's Temperance Association, now the largest company of its kind in England. In 1892 she was elected Vice President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1898, on the death of Miss Frances Willard, she succeeded that famous woman as President of the International

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you, with the idea of your caring most for that girl. No, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you. But is there any hope of that?"

"Let us be frank with one another," I answered; "tell me, is there any one else whom you would marry if I released you from this promise, which was only given, perhaps, to soothe my mother's last hours?"

"Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia hid her face in her hands, "she would marry my brother."

Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for breath. Such an idea had never occurred to me, though I knew she had been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to marry! and to marry Julia! To go and live in our house! I was struck dumb, and fancied that I had heard wrongly. If Julia wished for revenge—and when is not revenge sweet to a jilted woman?—she had it now. I was as crestfallen, as amazed, almost as miserable as she had been. Yet I had no one to blame as she had. How could I blame her for preferring Captain Carey's love to my poor affections?

"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do you love Captain Carey?"

"That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free, then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous, be yourself, Martin."

"I will," I said; "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman—happier than you would ever be with me."

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up.

"No," I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old folks. Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy."

Yet when I found myself in the street—for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them—I felt as if everything worth living for were slipping away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not mind grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings towards my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing room two hours ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

I did not go straight home to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling place, for I was not in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. I was passing by the house, chewing the bitter cud of my reflections, and turned in to see if any messages were waiting there. The footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that a doctor would go as soon as possible to No. 19 Bellinger street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I asked.

"A woman, sir; not a lady. On foot—poorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case twice."

"Very good," I said.

Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cabstand, I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could. I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Guernsey I should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia.

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognizable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodgings-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor window of No. 19, but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk home. By the time I turned to knock at the door, it was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorway; I could not see her face, for the candle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish mine.

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?" she asked.

The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.

"Yes," I answered; "but I do not know the name of my patient here."

"Dr. Martin Dobree!" she exclaimed. I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had fallen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as if she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's husband?

"I don't know whatever to do," she ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I don't think he ought to see you—I don't think he would."

"I am not anxious to attend him. I came here simply because my friend is out of town. If he wishes to see me, I will see him, and do my best. It rests entirely with himself."

"Will you wait here a few minutes," she asked, "while I see what he will do?"

She left me in the dimly lighted hall. The place was altogether sordid, and dingy, and miserable. At last I heard her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

"He will see you," she said, eying me herself with a steady gaze of curiosity.

I was anxious to see Olivia's husband, partly from the intense aversion I felt instinctively toward him. He was lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, with a woman's shawl thrown across his shoulders, for the night was chilly. His face had the first sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probably refined by it. It was a handsome, regular, well-cut face, narrow across the brows, with thin, firm lips, and eyes perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterward that he was fifteen years older than Olivia. Across his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looking cat, which he held fast, and entertained himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinized me as keenly as I did him.

"I believe we are in some sort connected, Dr. Martin Dobree," he said; "my half-sister, Kate Daltrey, is married to your father, Dr. Dobree."

"Yes," I answered shortly. The subject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him.

"Ay! she will make him a happy man," he continued mockingly; "you are not yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin Dobree?"

I took no notice whatever of his remark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localize his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage.

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were

made of glass, and you could look through me. Can you cure me?"

"I will do my best," I answered. "So you all say," he muttered, "and the best is generally good for nothing. You see I care less about getting over it than my wife does. She is very anxious for my recovery."

"Your wife!" I repeated in utter surprise; "you are Richard Foster, I believe?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Does your wife know of your present illness?" I inquired.

"To be sure," he answered; "let me introduce you to Mrs. Richard Foster." The woman looked at me with flashing eyes and a mocking smile, while Mr. Foster indulged himself with exhorting a long and plaintive mew from the poor cat on his knees.

"I cannot understand," I said. I did not know how to continue my speech. Though they might choose to pass as husband and wife among strangers, they could hardly expect to impose upon me.

"Ah! I see you do not," said Mr. Foster, with a visible sneer. "Olivia is dead."

"Olivia dead!" I exclaimed.

"You were not aware of it?" he said. "I am afraid I have been too sudden. Kate tells us you were in love with my first wife, and sacrificed the most eligible match for her. Would it be too late to open fresh negotiations with your cousin? You see I know all your family history."

"When did Olivia die?" I inquired, though my tongue felt dry and parched, and the room, with his fiendish face, was swimming giddily before my eyes.

"When was it, Carry?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"We heard she was dead on the first of October," she answered. "You married me the next day."

"Ah, yes!" he said; "Olivia had been dead to me for more than twelve months, and the moment I was free I married her, Dr. Martin. It was quite legal."

"But what proof have you?" I asked, still incredulous, yet with a heart so heavy that it could hardly rouse itself to hope.

"Carry, you have those letters," said Richard Foster.

"Here are the proofs," said Mrs. Foster.

She put into my hand an ordinary certificate of death, signed by J. Jones, M. D. It stated that the deceased, Olivia Foster, had died on September 27th, of acute inflammation of the lungs. Accompanying this was a letter written in a good handwriting, purporting to be from a clergyman or minister, who had attended Olivia in her fatal illness. He said that she had desired him to keep the place of her death and burial a secret, and to forward no more than the official certificate of the former.

No clue was given by either document to the place where they were written.

"Are you not satisfied," asked Foster.

"No," I replied; "how is it, if Olivia

is dead, that you have not taken possession of her property?"

"A shrewd question," he said jeeringly. "Why am I as poor as Job, when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My sweet, angelic Olivia left no will, or none in my favor, you may be sure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeathed to me is this ring, which I gave to her on our wedding day, curse her!"

He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point, the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my wife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I said.

"So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was conclusive of her identity. Would you like to see it?"

Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing.

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than myself, but I have just enough for my last necessities."

There was no more to be said or done. Confusion had been brought home to me, I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine.

"Well, well!" he said, "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it."

I went down the narrow staircase,

"That would be unjust to Julia," I interrupted. "She must not be sacrificed to me any longer. I do not suppose I shall ever marry—"

"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfitted for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you—this cold, colorless life. No, of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I recalled my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling.

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the Shipbuilding Industry Flourished Before His Time.

Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first shipbuilder of the world and that the ark in which he saved his family from drowning was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main."

This supposition has been found to be erroneous, for there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats.

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiansa. This craft was discovered in 1850 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

Heron Nests in the Maine Woods.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebasticus. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The old birds go long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fifty miles. The birds of this species about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night. Standing on the point one can see the birds coming from all directions during the period in which they feed their young.—New York Tribune.

Java's Great Explosion.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatau in Java "the greatest explosion of modern times." He says:

"It is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world thus far within the ken of science has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatau, in 1883, surpasses all else. A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 3,000 miles afar and an air shock lurled thrice around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?"

The Densest Population.

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 700 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If the entire population massed in the streets for any purpose, the density would equal 8,040 persons per acre.

Clock for Theatrical Use.

To judge the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotatable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

A New Gun.

A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a case from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

Man's Temperature.

Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6 degrees when in good health; that of a snail 76 degrees, and of a chicken 111 degrees.

We have remarked that soon after it is announced that a man seems to drink at the fountain of perpetual youth he dies.

The most successful nation is determined.

WHERE THE DEADLY MICROBES ATTACK MAN.

In general half of the deaths in the human family are known to be caused by microscopic organisms. Just how many other deaths may be traced to the same germ source is not known. They may be many, however. Almost every day new portions of the body are found to be infested with the tubercle bacilli, and that this germ, so long known, has habitats undreamed of a few years ago indicates the possibilities of growth in the whole theory of germs.

The germs of all disease, broadly, are low animal or vegetable organisms. They may be cultivated by artificial means, just as plants are grown from seeds. As to the number of these germs, it is a problem, but for the most part the several hundred germs listed are innocuous. Those of pathological significance are pretty well determined; many of the others, so far as known, are harmless.

The liver and kidneys harbor germs of tuberculosis, malaria, and typhoid fever. And yet the person in whose system these are found may never develop one of the diseases.

In the arm may be found the pyogenic organisms which produce pus and suppuration. These germs also are found in the heart.

Malarial germs are in the blood for the most part, but they are concentrated particularly in the spleen. Also, they are found in the liver.

Endocarditis germs are found in the heart.

Furunculosis, or boils, is the effect of germs, and the seat of these are most commonly about the neck.

The germ of erysipelas may be found in the side of the face and neck.

The germ of alopecia, or baldness, finds lodgment in the scalp.

That the air everywhere is swarming with these minute vegetable organisms, that the body is infested with them, and yet that thousands of people die every year from old age are seeming anomalies.

The worst enemy of the microbe in the machinery of the system is the white corpuscle in the blood. To be certain taking hold in the system, the microbe must get somewhere that the white corpuscle cannot go. Thus in some sac containing abnormal secretions from the blood and tissues, the micro-organism finds lodgment and food, while the white corpuscle in the same surrounding dies.

The one condition in nature which no microbe can stand is sunlight. With some of them minutes will suffice to kill; with others days are necessary; but sooner or later all the known organisms fall victims to sunshine.

As to microbes and diseases, as cause and effect, there are some further possibilities for the microscopist. It is not known if that dread disease, cancer, is of microbe origin. The microbe of rheumatism has not been discovered, providing there is one. Nobody has isolated the possible germ of hydrophobia. But the field is open.

Some germs are homebodies, and never care to wander or to roam. If an unkind fate shifts them into unaccustomed, even though comfortable surroundings, they pine away, refuse nourishment and die.

Take the bovine tuberculosis microbe. Dr. Koch discovered and proved to his own satisfaction that this little animal will perish in the midst of plenty if violently taken from its birthplace and transferred to the human body. Yet such action on the part of the transplanted animalcule can be but a senseless whim, for the overwhelming majority of germs are agreed that human beings are by far the most aristocratic dwellings on the list.

By actual count some one has placed the number of microbes infesting the mouth and teeth at 150. He might

house is kept at a tropical heat constantly.

The rich soil, the sun's light and the condensation of steam from the hot water make an ideal combination for the growth of vegetation. Lettuce, it is said, comes up from the dry seed in two days, and good-sized heads of lettuce were gathered in from 15 to 18 days after planting. In 23 days a head of lettuce measured 22 inches across, and the condensation of the steam would even break down the larger leaves with the weight of water upon them. Cucumber vines grow from 25 to 35 feet in length in less than 60 days without being watered, except for the moisture in the air. On some of the cucumber vines five full-sized cucumbers were gathered from a single joint. Three pails of water have been sufficient for watering the plants in the greenhouse on even the hottest day.—Scientific American.

Brother Dickey on Poverty.

"Poverty," said Brother Dickey, "has been a great blessing to me an' mine. I never had money 'nuff in all my life to make me set up in bed en ax myself. How long fo' daylight? I never had no money in de bank, en never felled down en broke my neck tryin' ter ketch de cashier w'en he let word dat he was takin' exercise for his belt, en I never had one dollar in a railroad fer de receiver ter be thankful fer what he wuz 'bout ter receive. Rich men is ez necessary ez taxes, en des 'bout ez popular, sometimes; but dey got mo' troubles dan what I got. Dey all hez dese highfalutin' diseases what no mens can pronounce, en no matter how much money dey gives de church, de preacher's private opinion is dey ain't ez fur fr'm hell ez next month is f'm Chris'mus! But de po' mens pull throo' somehow; en w'en dey gives up de ghost hit's allus wid some good, oil-fashion' complaint like de measles, or de brokebone fever, or de seven-year cetch, en de rub-down rheumatism. De patch is en dey britches, but de peace is en dey milt!—Atlanta Constitution.

His Theory.

"I can't see," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "how any man can persuade himself to be a Mormon."

"Well," answered her husband, thoughtfully, "maybe some people are such moral cowards that they want to get more members into a family debate and so shirk their half of an argument."

—Washington Star.

By Chance.

Oliver—"Marriage is so uncertain. A girl has to take her chances."

May—"Chances! Goodness me, some girls don't even get one chance."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

After a man reaches the age of 30 he never takes much stock in the theory that the good die young.

John Bedini's Performance.

Chicago people were treated to an astonishingly daring feat the other day, when John Bedini, of London, England, holding an ordinary carving fork in his mouth, caught a turnip hurled from the nineteenth floor of the Masonic Temple. An immense crowd watched the performance, and the cars were blocked for some time. Bedini appeared in a headress like that of a cannibal king, with a spike on top, and

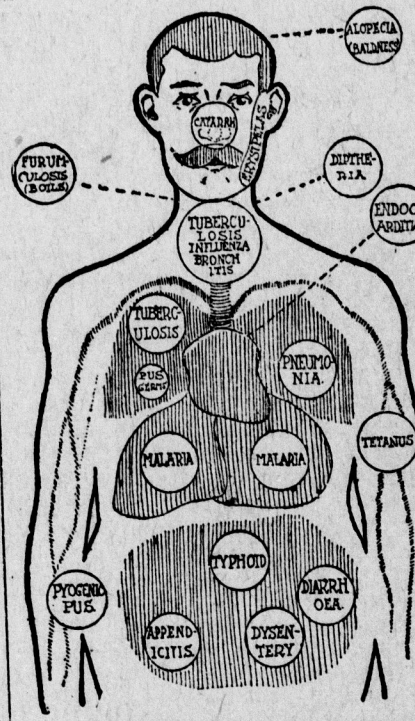
placed the fork, a wooden-handled affair about a foot long, between his teeth. The first turnip went wild and the second struck the spike on Bedini's headgear, stunning him severely. He rallied quickly and caught the third turnip squarely on the times of the fork. He took the terrific shock unflinchingly, and though his lips bled freely and he went tumbling backward, he clung to the fork with set teeth. The Londoner was given a tremendous ovation by the throng. He began his peculiar calling as a juggler, and used to catch vegetables thrown from the galleries of theaters. He says he has caught a turnip thrown from the Brighton Tower in England, a distance of 500 feet, and he intends to catch one dropped from the Paris Eiffel tower.

Magic Patch.

A hot water geyser, in the upper geyser basin of Yellowstone Park, has been turned to practical use by building a hothouse over it and thereby enabling several crops to be raised yearly, where otherwise such a thing would be impossible because of the almost daily frosts in this region. The structure was built by W. P. Howe. It is roughly made, and is 25 by 50 feet. A stream of hot water flows from a five-inch hole in the southern end of the building, passing out the other end. The temperature of the water lacks only eight degrees of the boiling point, and the



TEASING AND TORMENTING.



WHERE MICROBES ATTACK MAN.



JOHN BEDINI'S PERFORMANCE.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

Having agreed substantially upon a bill, let the irrigationists push things until the bill has passed Congress.

The Enterprise has received a fine lot of fresh garden seeds from Senators Perkins and Bard. These seeds are true to name and of the best quality. They are sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture through senators and members of congress for trial by the people. Only those who have gardens and who will plant the seeds should apply for them. To all such the Enterprise will be glad to furnish these seeds.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

The year of 1901, the first born of the 20th century, has been a year of general progress and prosperity throughout the country. Crops have been abundant and prices good. Labor has been steadily employed and wages have advanced. The surplus in the savings banks and other savings associations has increased. In our own town many new buildings have been erected and the population correspondingly increased. The industrial plants at the water front have steadily increased the volume of their business and the number of their workmen. Our regret at bidding the good old year good-bye is alone softened by the bright prospects the new year brings. The volume of business is growing. Foreign trade is increasing with new markets opening in the Orient. The re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act is assured. The passage of a Nicaragua canal bill appears to be a certainty, marking the beginning of the work to unite two oceans and shorten the water route for heavy freights by thousands of miles. The indications for a good crop year in 1902 are excellent. All in all the coming year promises even better things than the year that is passing. So we bid adieu to the old and wait and welcome the new year.

LITERARY NOTES.

Nothing seems lacking in the New Year number of The Ladies' Home Journal to make it the most complete issue of that periodical yet published. In every way it is singularly attractive. Cardinal Gibbons and Rudyard Kipling lead the list of contributors, the one with a strong arraignment of the "new woman"; the other with the true story of how he brought up a baby lion on a bottle! We are told "How Uncle Sam Guards His Millions," and how to have a comfortable home and a garden for \$6000. There is a wealth of good fiction. "The Wisdom of the Dove," a clever story by Lillian Brooks; the second part of "The Russells in Chicago," and the concluding chapters of both "A Gentleman of the Blue Grass" and "Christine," are all in this number. Mr. Bok presents an absolutely unanswerable editorial against the "cramping" system in the education of children, which is as unique as it is convincing. Will Bradley shows the dining-room of "his house," there is a page of brief stories, anecdotes and poems, and many receipts for home-made candies add a sweet touch. All of the regular editorial departments are unusually interesting, especially that of fashions, which is enlarged to eight pages under the editorship of Virginia Louise Ralston. The illustrations are superb. The cover is by Blenden R. Campbell, a new artist; there are two pages of beautiful photographic views "Along Country Roads," and the second part of "The Journal's" picture story of "What a Girl Does at College," showing the athletic side. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Easy.

Theodore—It's all right, darling. I have met your father, and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow \$10 from me. Surely he can't refuse me your hand after that.

Edith—Dory, I'm afraid you've made a mess of it. Pa told me about the \$10 and said I'd better let you slide; that you were too easy.—Boston Transcript.

Juvenile Reasoning.

Mr. Wise—Johnny, can you tell me why the little band on my watch goes faster than the big one?
Johnny (after mature reflection)—Papa, isn't it for the same reason that I have to run when I go walking with you?—Exchange.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this country required) to represent and advertise the old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$150 weekly with expenses additional. All payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

HE KILLED THE CASE

FATAL EFFECT OF BROTHER SPEARS' MUSICAL TESTIMONY.

After the Jury Heard It They Acquitted the Naughty Children Who Laughed in Church and Disturbed the Religious Assemblage.

A well known lawyer of Lancaster, Mo., related the following legal incident: One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dysart, who many years ago was a resident of our county. Sam was a born humorist and could have made his fortune in the lecture field. When he lived up our way, he was engaged on one occasion to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country. "Laughing and giggling" is the way the information read. The case was tried before Squire A. C. Bailey, a good old man who has long since gone to his final reward. Like all cases of the sort, it attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity of the alleged outrage.

T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were very much frightened by being dragged into court. All the defendants were children of good families, and it was their first offense. They candidly admitted they laughed out in church, and the state insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned.

Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of Puritanic type, was the main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the service, and he testified that the peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the "rioters." After he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands, waiting for the defendants' attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to wait. The examination began like this:

"Brother Spears, you led the meeting that night?"
"I did, sir."
"You prayed?"
"I did, sir."
"And preached?"
"And sang?"
"I sang."

"What did you sing?"
"There is a Fountain Filled With Blood, sir."

Here Mr. Dysart pulled a hymnbook from his pocket and handed it to the witness with the remark:

"Please turn to that song, Brother Spears."

The witness did so.

"That's what you sang that night?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please."

"What?"

"You heard what I said, Brother Spears."

"But I can't sing before this sort of crowd."

"Brother Spears," with much apparent indignation, "do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?"

"No, no—but, you see—"

"Your honor," said Mr. Dysart, "I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to just as he did on the night of alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence and very important. The reason for it will be disclosed later on."

There was a long jangle between the lawyers, and the court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing.

"And mind you, Brother Spears," said Dysart seriously, "you must sing it just as you did that night. If you change a note, you will have to go back and do it all over again."

The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you and a crowd of courtroom habitués. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how these old time hymns are sung in the backwoods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement.

That's the way the witness did. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. If Gabriel's trumpet ever gets out of whack he could utilize that voice and wake the dead just as readily. It seemed to threaten the window lights. The crowd didn't smile, it just yelped with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The court bit his corncob pipe harder and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man and the other to Sam Dysart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him.

When the time for speechmaking came Sam remarked to the jury: "If you gentlemen think you could go to one of Brother Spears' meetings and behave better than you have here, why you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls."

That was all he said, but it gave the jury lots to think about. They brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home and court adjourned.—Macon Republican.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home'?" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the recipe."

"The recipe? The modus operandi. I want to know what to do to own my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion and muscles like Hercules. If you can, tell me how to dispose her. Money's no object."

Washington Star.

Fleeing De Maupassant.

It is said that the Norman peasants hit upon a happy scheme of fleeing Gny de Maupassant, who once maintained near his home at Etretat a rabbit warren of a few acres. They used to plant choice vegetables and rare shrubs in the adjoining fields, and every year De Maupassant had to pay for the damage done by his rabbits. After a few years he got tired of this sort of thing. He computed that the few rabbits he shot cost him about \$20 apiece, which was rather too much even for an enthusiastic sportsman to pay; so he determined to destroy his game preserve. There were only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon dislodged all the inhabitants.

One night after the rabbits had been destroyed the writer happened to visit his former preserve and detected a man skulking along under the trees, with a large bag slung over his shoulder. De Maupassant supposed that the man had come to steal wood and challenged him. The supposed thief took to his heels, leaving behind him his bag, which was found to be filled with rabbits of both sexes. The man was an honest neighbor, who, shrewdly reasoning that there could be no damages if there were no rabbits, had thought it advisable to restock the warren himself.

Bees of Fine Discrimination.

Morelia has some other odd things—for example, the sweetmeat stands under the portales or arcades, where friendly bees and wasps devoured the candies and were not scared off. I asked an old woman sitting behind a large stand loaded with candied fruit, dulces of all sorts, sugar plums and molasses candy:

"Won't these bees sting a fellow?"

"Oh, no, señor; don't be afraid. They are very intelligent and can tell a customer right off."

"But would they sting a thief, for instance?"

"Certainly, señor. They are very intelligent. Poor things! They do no harm and are much company. They must live!"

I watched these winged insects, with all their panoply of war ready, and was fascinated. Then I asked another question:

"But would not a Morelian bee sting a Yankee?"

"Not if he were a customer, caballero!"—Mexican Cor. Boston Herald.

Safe Occupation.

Bridget, the pretty young maid of all work employed in a Boston family, confided to her mistress when taking service that she had lately become engaged to be married. She stated, however, that she and Tim would have to wait two years, and in the meantime she wished to be earning money.

When Tim made his first call one evening, the family remarked that they had never known so quiet a man. The sound of Bridget's voice rose now and then from the kitchen, but Tim's words were apparently few and far between.

"Tim is not much of a talker, is he, Bridget?" said the mistress of the house the next morning. "I should scarcely have known there was any one with you last evening."

"He'll talk more when we've been engaged a while longer, I'm thinking, ma'am," said little Bridget. "He's too bashful yet to do anything but eat, ma'am, when he's wid me!"—Youth's Companion.

Saw the Joke.

A prominent Bostonian inquired of a London shopkeeper for Hare's "Walks in London." The shopkeeper, after much search, found it on his shelves, but in two volumes.

"Ah," said the Bostonian, "you have your Hare parted in the middle over here."

"What?" queried the Englishman blankly, passing his hands over his hair.

The next day the Bostonian called for another book.

"I'm so glad you returned," said the Englishman. "I want to tell you I see that joke."

A Golf Story.

A well known Scotch "moonster" took up golf and despite great practice could not succeed in passing the tyro stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut!" "Oh, dear, now!" "Well, well!" and the like were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit.

One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a luster and radiance which, alas, were not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to give it up! I'll have to give it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball.

"Give up the game, Mr. D.?" exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness of his attempts.

"Na, na—the moonistry!" answered the other, with a sigh.

Spiders' Webs.

The webs of those spiders which spin snares out of doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the other for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat or moth that may blunder against them, while the former are quite dry and harmless. A third kind of silk is produced by the busy little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an enveloping mass, which is suddenly produced and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect.—Cornhill Magazine.

A THIEVES' MARKET.

ONE OF THE PROMINENT PLACES IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Any Policeman Will Show You the Way to It and You May There Purchase Stolen Goods by the Single Piece or by the Carload.

If you want to know the time in the City of Mexico; if you need household goods, objects of art or of personal adornment; in fact, if there is anything you desire from a pincushion to a redhot stove—just ask a policeman.

He will point the way to the thieves' market without any more idea of laws that deal with those who receive stolen goods than if you had asked him the way to the best hotel in the city or to one of the theaters or to the National palace. The official of the law will not hesitate to tell you that it is directly across the street from the National palace, east of the Zocalo—the park of the peons—and that if you are timid about the size of the load you wish to take there the gate is large enough to drive the biggest truck through without inconvenience. It is a very simple matter to find the thieves' market.

It is no small establishment, but a city institution, with a court as large as a city block, and it is crowded from morning to night with those who are looking for bargains without the slightest idea of moral wrong in buying stolen goods. Indeed it is stated that now and then persons find property once belonging to them exposed there for sale at prices so reasonable that it would be absurd to go to law about it and lay up against the delightful convenience "manana" the trouble of appearing in court.

The market is just what its name implies—a thieves' market, where moths do not corrupt, because there is always a stream of purchasers for goods at ridiculous prices. Nothing remains in stock over a few days. Spread out on tables or piled high on the ground can be found samples of almost anything, for the Mexican ratero is not particular what he steals. The thieves do not themselves act as the salesmen, for this would be dishonest even to the Mexican mind. They dispose of their plunder either for a lump sum or take a commission from the sellers.

There is no assortment of goods as to class or kind. It is a case of pick and choose. Crockery, cutlery, tinware and cooking utensils are the main staples, for the Mexican is careless, and the thieves of his kind find this sort of plunder easy to get and with a ready market. The proprietor of one of the well known local restaurants admits that nearly all his knives, forks and table linen come from the thieves' market. He makes it a point regularly to visit there to replenish what may have been stolen from his own place.

But it is perhaps in the line of curiosities, books and objects of art that the thieves' market is most interesting. The libraries of the monks, scattered in the war of reform, are represented now and then. The thieves, of course, know nothing of the value of the books.

Recently a folio of Shakespeare, bound in vellum, in splendid condition, notwithstanding the long ago date of its publication, was picked up by a book lover for \$1.50 in Mexican silver. Several bibliophiles of the United States have regular agents in the thieves' market, and it pays them.

With Maximilian and his court many rare works of art came to Mexico. In the rush away from Mexico these were left behind. Within the last month a fan, beyond doubt by Watteau, was bought in the thieves' market for \$8. The painting is still bright, the lace exquisite and rare, and the ivory sticks, inlaid with gold, are still intact.

Mexico's many wars have made the country an arsenal of obsolete weapons. Swords, guns and firearms from the time of Cortes to the present decade can be picked up, in the thieves' market for little or nothing. Some of them, outside of their value as curios, are of intrinsic worth, as an American discovered not long ago. He bought for a trifle an old sword, tarnished and dirty. The style of the hilt pleased him. When he had it cleaned, he found that scabbard, hilt and blade were inlaid with rich gold of marvelous artistic design.—City of Mexico Letter in New York Times.

Portuguese Hotel Clocks.

It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed, like enough a straw mattress and a bran pillow, chances to be near one of these monsters which dings its four and twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works—and the supposition is reasonable—they will, of course, differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking, with intervals, during a maddening half hour.

You may happen to want to know badly which one of the monsters is the least mendacious, and the bells at your bed head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation. He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half naked, and if he distrusts his own judgment about the clocks he will not mind saying so and hasten to awaken the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt.

I regret to add that his more conciliatory servant will more probably say whatever first comes to his tongue, more heedful of his own comfort than of your desires.—Chambers' Journal.

SINGULAR MAXIMS.

Old Time Rules For the Table by the German Poet Von Zirkler.

That our ancestors were not so well managed as we are is evident from the following rules, which were laid down by Tommasin von Zirkler, a German poet, in regard to the conduct of a host and his guest at a dinner party. These singular maxims were recently unearthed and have now been reprinted:

"Every host should take care that his guests have enough to eat and that they do not serve with dishes that they do not want. In return the guests should behave properly and should be satisfied with whatever is placed before them."

"A guest should not eat all his bread before the first dishes are served, neither should he eat with both hands nor drink nor talk when his mouth is full."

"It is not polite to turn toward one's neighbor and to offer him a winecup from which one is still drinking."

"One should not eat greedily and hastily, as though the dinner had been paid for, neither should one take any food from his neighbor's plate. In a word, each person should accept what is offered and ask for nothing else."

"When there is some one on the right hand, it is permissible to eat with the left hand."

"While one is drinking the eyes should be steadily fixed on the winecup."

"It is improper to place one's hand in a dish while another person is taking some food from it."

"One should always have the hands clean and the nails cut short, as otherwise those persons who are eating from the same dish are likely to become disgusted."

"A guest should never put his elbows on the table, neither should he chatter all the time nor clean his teeth with a knife."—Chicago Herald.

Gloomy Bass.

"Talk about sharks," said an Orange county lake fisherman; "I don't believe they are in it for promiscuous diet with the black bass."

"I was fishing one day with a very large minnow on a big hook. I had a bite and hooked a bass. It was a big one and gave me as pretty a fight as I ever saw till it broke the leader at the point where it is attached to the line and got away."

"We fished in other parts of the lake after that and finally started to the landing, the guide rowing while I skittered with a minnow. We were passing close by the place where I had lost the fish in the morning when I saw a bass dart for my bait. I gave it time to swallow and then struck. When I got the fish into the boat, I saw a three foot leader sticking out of its mouth. It was the leader I had lost in the morning. When I cut the bass open, there was the same big chub it had taken from my line, and it came so nearly filling the fish's maw that the tail of the last minnow was sticking out of the mouth. There wasn't room for it in the interior of the bass."—New York Times.

Smoking Under Water.

Says an expert swimmer:

It looks very strange to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. Apparently he defies all natural laws, but of course he doesn't."

It is a simple trick, but it requires practice. Just as I throw myself backward to go down I flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip

and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reach the surface again another flip reverses the cigar, and there I am smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Tobacco water will destroy bugs and worms on rosebushes.

Only well rotted manure should be allowed to come in contact with the roots of trees.

Don't try to transplant a cyclamen after the bulb has begun to throw up green leaves. If you do, you will lose your bulb.

Vines may be set in the spring and also in the fall. It is said the clematis does best if set in the latter season, while the wistaria, honeysuckle and Japan ivy are by preference to be planted in the spring.

One reason why plants often do not succeed in window culture is the want of moisture in the air. Anything that tends to supply this lack is so much gained. On this account plants often do best in the kitchen window.

The petals of a single flower fall sooner than do those of a double one for the reason that the inner petals are transformed more slowly and retain the power of adherence they need when performing their original function.

There Was a Tale to It.

The girl at the music counter has some funny experiences. For instance, the other day a well dressed woman bustled up to the music department of a great store and said in a loud voice:

"Have you got a piece of music called 'The Crocodile's Tail'?"

"No, madam," answered the clerk.

"We have one called—"

"But you had it here last week. I saw it," she interrupted. "It is from 'The Burgomaster,' and I want it today."

"Are you sure that is the name of it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, that's the name. I remember it distinctly. Are you sure you haven't got it?"

"We have one called 'The Tale of the Kangaroo,' from 'The Burgomaster,' volunteered the clerk, and after some hesitation on the part of the customer "The Tale of the Kangaroo" was sold.

—New York Herald.

Two Cruel Punishments.

The gantoppe, or gantlet, was military and naval punishment for theft. A man had to run the gantlet of a long file of his fellow soldiers, each provided with a switch; and to prevent the sinner going too rapidly and to see that no man, impelled by motives of friendliness or kindness, failed to strike hard, a sergeant walked backward, facing the said sinner, with a halberd pointed at the latter's breast.

After a lengthy experiment this was found to be inconvenient and degrading, so recourse was had to another method, a variety of the same species of torture. The offender was tied to four halberds, three in a triangle and a fourth across. The regiment or company then filed off, the cat-o-nine-tails was placed in the hands of the first man, who gave the culprit a lash and passed on, handing the cat to the second, who also gave a lash, and so the game went merrily on until the offense had been expiated.—London Graphic.

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TOWN NEWS

Good-bye to the old year.
It was a Merry Christmas.
Senator Healy has the Rogers building about finished.
Don't forget Henry Michenfelder's New Year's eve ball at the pavilion.
Mell Cohen moved his barber shop into the new Rogers building on Monday.
Charley Robinson and wife and family spent Christmas among old friends here.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vandembos spent Christmas with pater and mater at the Linden.
The Western Meat Company kept Christmas by giving its employees a full holiday.
Mrs. Charley was in town Tuesday, having come over from Alameda to visit old friends here.
Land Agent W. J. Martin left on the 26th on a business trip to Sacramento and will return today.
Mrs. Wm. Akin returned on Tuesday from a two weeks' visit with friends at Healdsburg.
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.
Mr. W. F. Nichols has been appointed assistant to Agent W. E. Barber at the Southern Pacific station at this place.
Frank Miner, has just finished putting in the pipe to connect the company's new artesian well with the pumping plant.
Jack McSweeney and John Shirk of South San Francisco were visitors here the first part of the week.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.
Miss Clara Schutt came down from Santa Rosa Monday for a visit to her brother Max and other friends here and returned on Christmas day.
The Steiger Pottery Company gave to each one of their married employees a big fat Christmas turkey and to each single man a cash present of \$1.50.
Supervisor Debenedetti assumed his position at the head of his family table at dinner yesterday for the first time in two months.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.
Grace Mission Sunday School will give a party to the children at Butcher's Hall this afternoon at from 2 to 5 o'clock. All the children are cordially invited.
If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice Building.
Teddy Berlinger has gone to Los Angeles to spend the holidays under the parental roof. A. Borla will have charge of the barber shop during Teddy's absence.
Health Officer Barret and District Attorney Bullock went to Colma yesterday afternoon to abate a nuisance which has troubled that town for some time.—Times-Gazette.
On New Year's eve Henry Michenfelder will give one of his enjoyable entertainments at his Armour Pavilion. There will be a musical concert, dancing and refreshments, both liquid and solid. No one knows better than Henry how to do these things. The old year will go out to music and the New Year will come in right merrily. Don't miss the fun, for it will be plentiful and of the best.
The Decroux tragedy of a dead body found in a broken boat on the beach near Millbrae still remains a mystery. The two Decroux brothers left San Francisco in the boat together. When found near Millbrae the body of the younger Decroux was found alone in the broken boat. A thorough search of the adjacent waters has failed to find the body of the older brother. Sheriff Mansfield is now bending all his energy to find the older brother, and to that end is sending descriptions of the elder Decroux all over the country. The sheriff believes a murder has been committed.
Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.
The annual custom of a Christmas tree at Butcher's Hall for the children of the town under the auspices of the Woodmen of the World, was observed this year as usual. The Woodmen and Women of Woodcraft joined in providing this year's tree. On Wednesday at 3 o'clock p. m. the doors of the hall were opened and the crowds of children with and without their parents poured in until the hall was well filled. The tree in the center of the room was loaded with pretty things for the little ones and, besides, there was a store-room full of these Christmas gifts at the rear, where Messrs. Ed. Graham and J. Fitzgerald and Herman Karbe were kept busy handing out the prizes as the numbers were called. The jollity and fun was fast and furious. The whole town was there and every one went home happy.
DICK IS A CANDIDATE.
R. H. Jury, the popular and debonaire editor of the San Mateo Leader, is an open and pronounced candidate for the Assembly. Mr. Jury was at the county seat Monday, industriously at work gathering votes. He intends making a tour of the county and our contemporaries are urged to put the voters "on to him" when he arrives in their neighborhood. Mr. Jury is a man of independent wealth and spends his money like a Pullman.—Democrat, Redwood City.
TO LET.
New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

PRESERVE YOUNG TREES.


Stop the Annual Christmas Destruction for Decorative Purposes.
Watch the loads of evergreens, Christmas berries and young redwood trees that are and have been passing through San Mateo of late on the way to San Francisco for Christmas decoration; then reflect that San Mateo county is only one of hundreds of places in this state where the like is being done, and it is clear that a great destruction of present and prospective forests is going on. Every small tree cut now stands for a big one that will be missing in another generation.
In some parts of the East this work is carried on in a more business-like and economic spirit. Acres are planted in young pines and other evergreens for decorative purposes. These plantations are thinned and replanted every year. Consequently there is an assured supply of just the right kind of trees for decorative purposes; the supply is maintained from year to year and the tree growers make a neat addition to their income.
The newspapers, the scientists and the people are talking about forest destruction and its evil effect upon rainfall, water storage, the streams and the prospective timber supply, yet the work of destruction goes on without much hindrance, except on the government reservations. And this matter of holiday decoration is no insignificant item in the total.
The first man in San Mateo county to start a Christmas tree reservation and maintain it, will set a good example to his neighbors and incidentally put a little money in his pocket for holiday purchases.—San Mateo Leader.
ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.
A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.
An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.
REWARD!!!
The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.
The Last Gladiatorial Combat.
Gladiatorial games were prohibited by an edict of the Emperor Constantine in A. D. 325, but from some cause, probably the loudly expressed disapprobation of the people, the edict was allowed to fall into disuse, and its penalties were never visited on its violators. During the reign of Honorius the defeat of the Goths in Italy was celebrated by games, but in the midst of the fights in the amphitheater of Vespasian a monk named Telemachus found his way into the arena and parted the combatants with a large professional cross.
The populace swarmed over the barricades and tore the monk to pieces, but the moral effect of the heroic act was permanent, and in A. D. 404 an imperial edict abolished gladiatorial sports in the Coliseum and shortly after throughout the Roman empire. The fight stopped by Telemachus was the last in the Coliseum, and that structure is now consecrated to the honor of Telemachus and the Christian martyrs who perished in the persecutions by Nero and other emperors.
Cats.
There are two curious things about cats that are not generally known. Yellow hairs, however few in number, always indicate the female. No male ever had the slightest tint of yellow. That is one curiosity, and the other is that a blue eyed cat is always deaf. To be sure, blue eyed cats are scarce, and it is possible that some deaf cats may not be blue eyed; but wherever you find a blue eyed cat that feline is absolutely incapable of hearing thunder.
Ancient Builders.
In Lahore there is or was a massive building made only of bricks and mortar, but the builders, who erected it in about 320 B. C., understood their business so well that the fabric defied the engineering efforts of four successive governments to remove it. India, too, can show plastered buildings white and shiny like marble and as smooth and polished as glass.
Beat Us on Time.
"Oh, come now, I s'y!" exclaimed the Britisher. "You must admit we're ahead of you in a grite many w'ys."
"In one great particular I admit you are," said the Yankee.
"And that is?"
"Time. It's 8 o'clock in London, and it's only 3 here."—Philadelphia Record.
WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established business house's business solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Home and car mileage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

The Lost Forty.
There is a tract of land in Tazewell county, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw river, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deep ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of fox dens, wolves are occasionally found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for a few giant oaks the wood has no commercial value.
The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years it has been used for trading purposes, and many unwary persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Tazewell county taxbooks the "Forty" appears with "owner unknown." The land is watered by innumerable springs and the Mackinaw river, which winds its way through.
Bee's Venom For Rheumatism.
Dr. Terc, a medical man of much repute in Vienna, advocates as an effective remedy for rheumatism the saturating of the patient's body with the venom of bees. For the purpose he extracts the venom, treasuring it up in quantity and applying it artificially in the way of punctures. He founds this treatment on his discovery that rheumatic patients do not suffer from a bee's sting to anything like the same degree as other people. He found that the tumefaction or swelling that follows the stinging of a bee does not appear in the rheumatic patient unless he has been stung several times, while in some cases the stinging is hardly felt. When the patient suffers himself to be stung repeatedly, his immunity against the poison of the bee becomes complete, and he feels no pain whatsoever. What is more, he gets cured of his rheumatism.—London Globe.
The Joke on Ben.
Two men, Tom and Ben, worked side by side for thirty years in a grocery store, where there were a great many unreasonable people to satisfy. Both had grown old, and finally one night Tom became violently ill. A doctor was called, who, after his arrival, told Tom that he could not recover.
Tom thought about it for awhile and then said: "Won't it be a great joke on Ben! I won't have to go to work tomorrow, but Ben will have to turn out, as usual, and bear the same old unreasonable complaints."—Atchison Globe.
Getting Around It.
Local—I am writing a short notice about the appointment of our townsman Lakwit to the position of town auditor. I really can't say that he has any fitness for the place, and yet on personal grounds I prefer to associate his name with the appointment in some complimentary way.
Editor in Chief—Why can't you speak of him as a man of rare good judgment? I am sure there is no one of our acquaintance in whom good judgment is so rare.—Richmond Dispatch.
Fatigue and Disease.
You will find in every day's practice that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or the permission of disease than any other single casual condition you can name.—Memoirs of Sir John Paget.
Looked the Part.
"Is Squigg a camera fiend?"
"I don't know, but he certainly looked like it in the first snap shot his wife took of him."—San Francisco Bulletin.
Certificate of Co-Partnership.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.
County of San Mateo, ss.
We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners, transacting business at Colma, in the County of San Mateo, State of California, under the firm name and style of "Casey & Greene;" that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are Benjamin S. Greene and James T. Casey, and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.
We further certify that as such partners, we propose to carry on the business of buying, selling, leasing and hiring all kinds of goods, wares, merchandise and personal property; we also propose to carry on the business of farming, contracting, teaming and transporting merchandise, and all other articles for hire; we propose also as such partners to hire and lease farming, grazing and other lands for terms of years.
IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands this first day of November, A. D. 1901.
BENJAMIN S. GREENE,
Colma, California.
JAMES T. CASEY,
Colma, California.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.
County of San Mateo, ss.
On this 7th day of November, A. D. 1901, before me, E. E. Cunningham, a Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, personally appeared Benjamin S. Greene and James T. Casey, personally known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.
IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.
[SEAL]
E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.
Filed December 9, 1901.
M. H. THOMPSON, County Clerk.
By H. H. SCHABERG, Deputy Clerk. jail

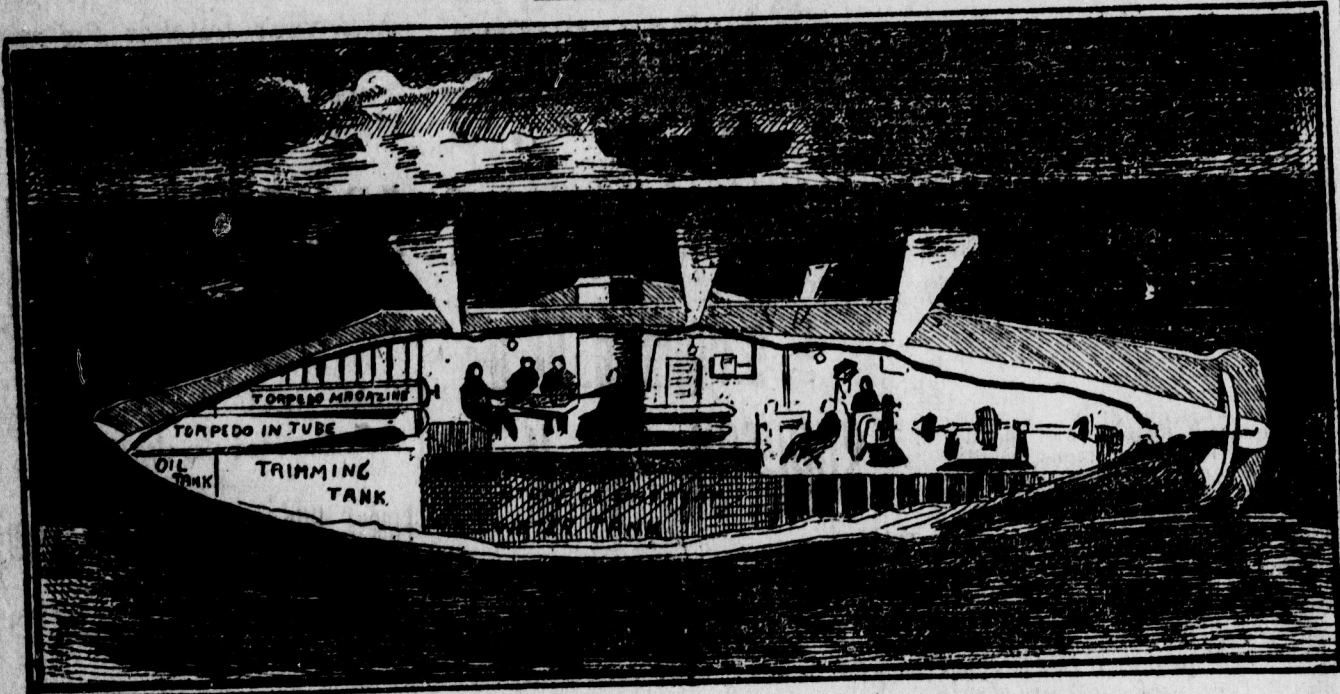
MARKET REPORT.
CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at strong prices and are in demand. **Sheep**—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.
HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at firm prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8@8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7c; thin Cows, 4@6c.
HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 5¼@5½c; rough heavy hogs, 4@4½c.
SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3¼@4c; ewes, 3¼@3½c. **LAMBS**, 4¼@5c per lb live wt.
CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4¼@4½c. **FRESH MEAT**—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.
BEEF—First quality steers, 7¼@8c; second quality, 6¼@7c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6¼@7c; third quality, 5¼@6c.
PORK—Large, 5¼@6c; small, good, 8¼@9½c; common, 8c.
MUTTON—Wethers, 7¼@8c; Ewes, @7½c; Lambs, 8¼@9½c.
DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¼@8½c.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 13c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.
BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15c; light S. C. bacon, 14c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. clear, 12½c; clear light, 11½c; clear ex. light, 11c; do, hfbbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.
PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½c; do, light, 11c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$21.00; hf-bbls., \$10.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.25; do, kits, \$1.15.
LARD—Prices are as follows:
Tos. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 8½ 8¼ 8¼ 8¼ 9 9½
Cal. pure 11½ 11¼ 11¼ 11¼ 12¼ 12½
In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.
CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.
San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.
Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
NO ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
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MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.
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Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace
Curtains and Laces.
Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World
IS NOW IN OPERATION AT
COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.
South San Francisco Laundry
C. CRAFT, Prop'r.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**
All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,**
South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.
ARMOUR HOTEL.
Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.
German Bakery and Confectionery
Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.
HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.
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Beer & Ice
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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
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United States, Chicago,
Willows and
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Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO
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Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
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Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,**
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TORPEDO BOAT, FULTON, REMAINS UNDER WATER FOR A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN HOURS.



HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT AS IT APPEARS UNDER WATER.

ONE of the most remarkable tests in the history of the United States navy was successfully made in Long Island sound recently. For fifteen hours the Holland submarine boat, Fulton, lay on the bottom of the sound with at least eight feet of water washing over her decks. Within the steel shell were eight men, including Rear Admiral John Lowe and Captain Frank T. Cable. The men suffered no inconveniences whatever. They slept, ate, read and played cards. They knew nothing of a fierce storm which was raging over them, wrecking vessels and destroying property.

The test demonstrated that the vessel could remain under water for weeks as well as hours, so far as the question of pure air was concerned. None of the air contained in the four tanks was used, and yet when the boat arose the air in it was pure and wholesome. The question of the air supply being settled, the time which the vessel can remain submerged depends entirely upon the amount of food and fuel which it can carry. The boat was not damaged in any way on account of resting on the bottom and was safe from the winds and waves above. This proves that such a boat in case of a storm at sea could quickly sink from danger. Should a hostile boat threaten it the little wonder could disappear beneath the waves and it necessary remain out of sight and danger for days.

The marvelous boat is of the same style as the original Holland submarine vessel, but great improvements have been made in the apparatus which controls it. Experts are of the opinion that the boat is now the highest type of submarine craft. Its speed is from 7 to 9 knots an hour. It is the belief that two such boats could successfully guard any harbor or destroy a hostile fleet. It is probable that in the near future such boats will form an important, if not the most important, part of our navy, and may be the cause of revolutionizing the naval architecture of the world.

A FAMILY MATTER.

She sewed a button on my coat,
I watched the fingers nimble;
Sometimes I held her spool of thread,
And sometimes held her thimble.
"I'm glad to do it, since you're far
From sister and from mother."
"This such a thing," she said, and smiled,
"As I'd do for my brother."

The fair head bent so close to me
My heart was wildly beating;
She seemed to feel my gaze, looked up,
And then our glances meeting,
She flashed a ruddy, rosy red,
And I, I bent and kissed her.
"This such a thing," I murmured low,
"As I'd do for my sister."
—Brooklyn Life.

Forty-six Minutes with Death.

THE strike at the "Foundry," starting from comparatively small grievances, had—thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders—reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week, or ten days at the most, but nearly two



HE STROVE TO SHAKE HIMSELF.

months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

The manager, Shotwell, a young man of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had entrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends, at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The result of this understanding and the contemptuous way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheming roused these men from sullen spite to hatred. They could not keep the men back or get back themselves unless—well, unless Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possibly the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his guns now and show the old man and his sweet-

heart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter-of-fact young man gasp; and she had an uncanny knack of demonstrating the proof of her beliefs by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that, to a less healthy, wholesome young fellow, might have been embarrassing. But withal she was so womanly and tender, and her fancies so pretty, that gradually he grew used to them, and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded; each evening both sat where they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other. "Soul talks," Dorothy called them; and whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender, and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been inexpressibly dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed, and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of an attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed; his pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sluggishly, dropped again and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair—tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a sneering laugh behind his chair, and—"Well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer?" There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats, and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and sat it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointing to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box, and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist. Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, yer've got just forty-six minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If ye should want the thing your soul. If ye should want the thing your soul. If ye should want the thing your soul.

He glanced desperately at the clock. "Two minutes; don't stop to untie me; water, quick! There's a bucket; fill it at the tap; it's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands, and carried it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed; then, with a breath of half fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

He waked her with a kiss. She stared at him in sleepy surprise. "Why, Arthur! Where am I? What is it, dear? Hew white you look; and see, the water's running all over the floor; you careless boy—I—oh, Arthur, I—take me home!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

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HOLD MOCK TRIALS.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FOR CLUBS AND SOCIETY.

Legal Proceedings Gives Opportunity for Dramatic Display—Culture Club Hears Divorce Case Unrestrained by Bailiffs.

Seekers after novel entertainment for winter evenings have caught upon the mock trial, which is consequently doing its turn at popular favor. Fortunately the trial adapts itself to any company and may be just as amusing or just as educational as its managers care to make it. It gives opportunity for a play of wit which livens the monotony of the regulation court proceeding and it gives plenty of room for such personal touches as will add to the entertainment of an audience composed of friends of the players. Moreover, as a large part of the company can be subpoenaed for the trial the interest will be most unflagging. From the impaneling of the jury to the final verdict the audience will receive enthusiastically every stage of the trial's procedure.

A ridiculous charge is brought against a member of the party; often this is a club meeting. A young lawyer or law student is chosen for judge, as he can at the same time direct the conduct of the trial. The greatest care is taken to have everything in strict accordance with the legal custom and the slightest deviation from the regular order of trial is zealously guarded against. The lawyers appear with a burden of dignified leather-bound volumes, which they consult frequently and with ridiculous effect. The dignity of the judge is boldly overdrawn and his peremptory rulings intensified until the figure becomes a laughable caricature. Primed for the occasion, the questions and answers of the lawyers and their witness-

further and further from the ways and means of transport; each year the expense of working out the forest is increased by the extra distance the logs have to be carried. Then, owing to the nature and manipulation of the trade, consumption and supply cannot keep pace with each other; one is continually catching up the other, and the consequences are rises and depressions. "But, in the opinion of all who know anything about timber and have studied the great question of supply, there must be a steady increase in the price of every description of wood goods, and each wave of higher prices will attain a higher level than its predecessor."

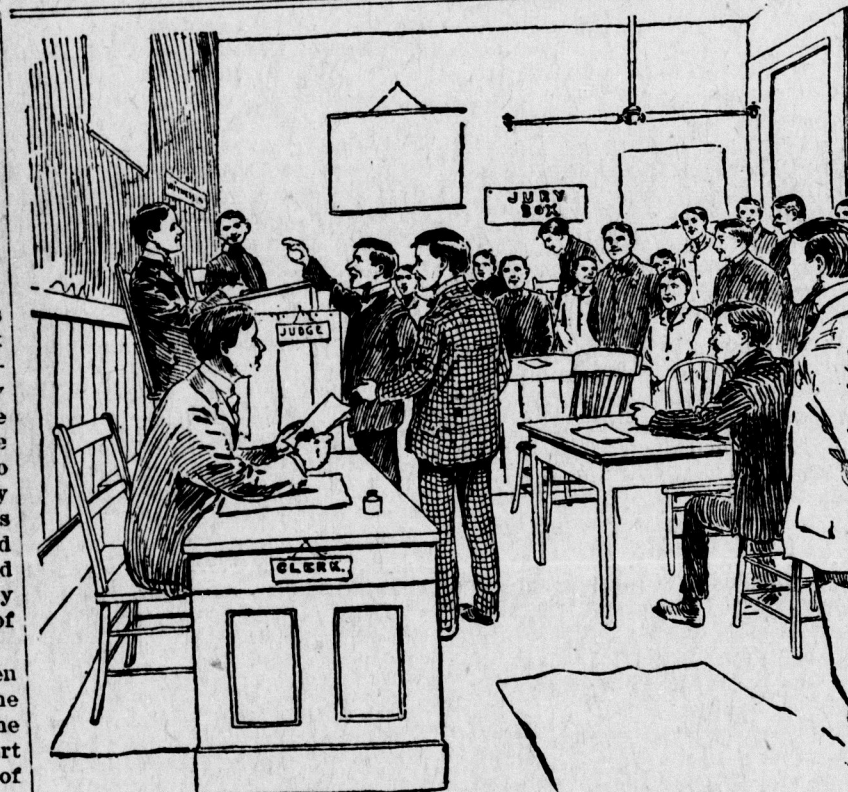
"As far as the Riga sawing trade is concerned, the forests which furnish the timber are now so far away from the rivers which carry the logs that Riga cannot be supplied unless prices are fairly high. If 70 per cent of the cost price of a log in Riga consists of the expense of bringing it down from the forests, it is clear that a reduction can only be made on the remaining 30 per cent."

"By the remarks I have made I do not intend to imply that the supply of timber is reaching its end. There is still plenty of timber, but it is becoming comparatively so inaccessible that in many parts it can only be worked out when prices rule high. Higher prices will always render accessible for supply those forests which it was not considered worth while to work at low rates. It is much the same, in fact, as with coal and the working of deeper levels."

ARGUMENT THAT FAILED.

How Admiral Kirkland Squelched a Would-Be Son-in-Law.

Appropos of the marriage of an impecunious ensign in the navy a short time ago, some of the veterans at the navy yard recall this story of Rear-Admiral William Kirkland, who was affectionately known in the navy as "Red Bill." "A young ensign hesitating found his way into the admiral's cabin one day,



MOCK TRIAL FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

es are intentionally mirth-provoking and the stupidity of the jurymen is meant to add to the fun.

Although some of the most difficult problems of law are thus sometimes given an airing, a straightforward criminal case is most frequently chosen as of greater interest to a fun-seeking community. J. Brown is tried for the murder of his sister's cat and a series of interesting exhibits are shown to prove the assertion. At the end of several hours of earnest argument J. Brown clears himself by producing the cat, which has howled all evening from its hiding place under J. Brown's chair. All of this gives plenty of opportunity for fun at the expense of Brown and the members of the court and it also gives an opening for a display of dramatic ability, which is another thing the public is fond of.

Gives Play for Dramatic Ability. Perhaps the most commendable feature of the mock trial is the fact that it gives opportunity for theatrical ability or the sensibility of the average person. Everyone likes dramatic opportunity if it is not overwhelming, as is so often the case with the out-and-out amateur theatricals. Everyone likes the play of imagination which the trial makes possible and the dramatic incidents which its development produces. As a spectacular performance it pleases the dramatic sense of everyday people without displeasing their sense of congruity in their own actions.

At an evening gathering where some other form of amusement is the prearranged entertainment a mock trial is often interspersed with the greatest satisfaction. The members of the company assume the various rôles easily and if ready of wit can find good opportunity for fun-making. When conducted in this way the trial soon becomes a battle of jokes in which the cleverest is bound to be the victor. And besides furnishing the most satisfactory entertainment for those engaged in the repartee it is the greatest fun for the listeners, who perhaps can appreciate a joke even though they cannot make one.

How long, Arthur?" she whispered. He glanced desperately at the clock. "Two minutes; don't stop to untie me; water, quick! There's a bucket; fill it at the tap; it's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands, and carried it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed; then, with a breath of half fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

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and with a great deal of circumlocution and coughing finally let it be known that he loved the admiral's daughter and would be the happiest man on earth if he had her parents' consent to marry her. "No, sir!" thundered the admiral. "No, sir. Not now, anyhow. No pauper of an ensign is going to marry my daughter. You'd better wait until you are promoted and are able to support yourself before you think of marrying. The young officer astounded the admiral by not retiring precipitately. He even ventured the reminder that the admiral himself had married when he was but an ensign, and that his married life had been a happy one. "Red Bill" Kirkland glared at the presumptuous speaker for a moment, says the New York Times, and then thundered: "I know I married when I was an ensign. My father-in-law supported me for several years, too, but I'll be hanged if yours will!"

A Bee as a Barometer. Such should be the title of these lines, for whoever observes these interesting insects finds it easy enough to foretell exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least, that is the opinion of many raisers of bees.

Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of nectar. A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome, redoubtable enemies. We do not mean, however, that the bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun, and even though the rain is not in evidence.

Early Marriages. Miss Budd—"Do you approve of early marriages?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Not too early. I should say not before high noon."

Some men are born poor, some achieve poverty, and some marry extravagant wives. Poets may be born, but as a rule cooks are better paid.

Product Becoming More Inaccessible and Therefore More Costly. In an interesting report on the trade of Riga, the British consul writes that "as regards the wood trade of the world in general, one broad fact is ever before us. It takes from sixty to seventy years to grow an average convertible tree and two minutes to hew it down. Thus each year the supply of timber is diminished, the forest fringe recedes

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A BURSTING BOILER.

How It Looks When a Locomotive Is Blown Up.

"I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man to a reporter the other day. "Generally the men who witness the explosion of a steam engine are so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster."

"Like many other accidents, the one I saw was the result of carelessness—I saw water in the boiler—for the engine had just come from the shops and was in complete repair. It was on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded and was looking ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air. It seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles beside the track, which, as you doubtless know, are not so high as telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion."

"Both the engineer and the fireman were killed, and the locomotive was fit for nothing much but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the firebox had blown out."

"The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know that perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the cloud of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler."—Baltimore Sun.

Described. A schoolmaster was endeavoring to make clear to his young pupils' minds the meaning of the word "slowly." He walked across the room in the manner the word indicates.

"Now, children, tell me how I walked."

One little fellow who sat near the front of the room almost paralyzed him by blurting out, "Bowlegged!"

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUDE, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Several communities in lower Italy have petitioned the King for the abolition of compulsory education, because of its cost.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Co. send song books free. Your druggist sells the Oil, and it stops pain.

Advice to Students.

To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical stenographers is in our judgment, the Gallagher-Marsh, Parrott Building, S. F. Cal. Ernest A. Gurvin, L. A. Washburne, W. F. Richardson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

"I understand it's all over between Jack and May." "Yes; they're married."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"She has married an impecunious nobleman." "Oh, well, the saying 'A fool and his money are soon parted' has no relation to sex."

THE HAIR BRUSH.

Breeds Dandruff, Which Causes Falling Hair and Finally Baldness.

Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says that dandruff is as contagious as any other malevolent disease, and that one common source of the spread of dandruff is the use of the same hair brush by different persons. The way to avoid catching dandruff or any other disease from another's brush, is to insist on the use of Newbro's Hairbrush. It not only kills the dandruff germ, but it is also an antiseptic that will prevent the catching of any disease whatever through contagion of another's brush.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"Have you any reason for doubting what I say?" "Yes, I have." "What is it?" "I don't believe you."

Not merely stimulating, but nourishing, not a nerve killer, but a true nerve tonic, is Gilt Edge Whiskey. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

"I'd have you to know," said Miss Plane, "that I was called handsome in my young days." "But, of course, you never believed it, dear," remarked Cousin Sarah.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Doctor—"The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world." Patient—"But I can't afford to ride a bicycle." "Oh, you needn't ride one; just judge them."

Mem. for Good Health. Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

The woman who is "beside herself" in a train car ought to pay two fares.

Rheumatism

What is the use of telling the rheumatist that he feels as if his joints were being dislocated?

He knows that his sufferings are very much like the tortures of the rack.

What he wants to know is what will permanently cure his disease.

That, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It promptly neutralizes the acid in the blood on which the disease depends, completely eliminates it, and strengthens the system against its return. Try Hood's.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in all cases. Sold by druggists.

SCHOOLS SCHOLARS

Harvard College paid \$48,348.30 to the City of Boston last year as taxes, mainly for the property held as investment.

A memorial tablet to the memory of the student volunteers of Missouri State University, who died in the war with Spain, has been put in place in the Academic Hall of the university, and will soon be unveiled with appropriate services.

Fifteen little princesses of Siam attend a school at Bangkok opened by an English lady. They receive lessons each day in reading, writing and music, but much more time is spent in learning the duties of housekeeping. They cook the meals in turn, set the table, write the menus and arrange the flowers.

It is interesting to note the appropriations that have been made during the last nine years by the General Assemblies of Missouri for the State University. In 1892, the year the university was destroyed by fire, the amount was \$264,000; 1894-95, \$133,000; 1897-98, \$100,000; 1898-99, \$142,700, and this year \$472,400.

Supt. J. M. Greenwood, of Kansas City, has no faith in the ability of the boy who smokes cigarettes. He says: "I have yet to find an inveterate cigarette smoker who began early in life that ever completed the sixth year's work in the ward schools. A large majority of them drop out of school during the fourth and fifth year. The effect of cigarette smoking is positively harmful without one single redeeming quality. It dwarfs and enfeebles the intellectual faculties. It unites the mind for any mental exertion or the concentration of attention on any subject to be studied. Finally it destroys the will-power and the victim loses the ability of self-determination. The outcome may be summed up in a brief statement: It is the most efficient agency for human wrecks that has yet entered into our civilization."

THIS CHILD WAS SOLD BY HER FATHER FOR ONE DOLLAR.

For the sum of one dollar Mrs. Rebecca Lowenwith, of Brooklyn, came into the possession of a pretty girl baby. The dollar was paid to the child's father, Louis Katz, who lived with his wife in Brooklyn when the baby was born in April, 1900. Mrs. Katz died three weeks after the birth of the child, and then the father



LITTLE GERTRUDE KATZ.

disappeared, leaving his neighbors to take care of her burial and look after the baby. Then Mrs. Lowenwith, who had no children of her own, took pity on the little one and nursed it to health, and then the father again appeared on the scene. To Mrs. Lowenwith's proposition to buy the baby for a dollar he gave assent, and made out the necessary papers, giving her exclusive right to the child. Recently he again called on Mrs. Lowenwith, and telling her that he had married again, demanded the baby, and was refused possession of it.

The Trials of Genius.

"John, dear," she said, in her sweet and affectionate voice, which she only used on rare occasions, "are you well up with your Christmas work?" "Pretty well," he sighed, as he put a period to a poem which had almost given him nervous prostration. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, dear, I'm afraid you are undermining your health, and I want you to take a recess and write me a short story to pay for my new dress, a couple of poems for my hat and gloves, and a good, stirring campaign song that will bring in enough for a ton of coal, and one or two of those darling love poems for some lady and a sugar-cured ham, and ham dear, is only 12 cents a pound."—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Greatest Mistake.

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and faultfinding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled.

"Yes," she answered, meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Lazy people hate the industrious as much as the industrious hate lazy people.

JOKE JOKER

"Who is the hero of the play?" "I can't tell you his name, but he's an angel."

"Is she a polite girl?" "Not at all. She finds it impossible to break herself of the habit of telling the truth."

He—Now, don't you bother to help me on with my coat. She—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.—Town Topics.

Heredity. "Wot you doin', chile?" "Nothin', mammy. 'My, but you is gittin' like yooh father."—Baltimore World.

Blobs—"Wigwag must be making an awful lot of money." Slobbs—"I should say he is. I actually believe he is making more than his wife can spend."

"I believe Mrs. Hemlock would rather quarrel with her husband than with anybody else." "Decidedly! Force always seeks the line of least resistance."

Doctor—Did you take my prescription, ma'am? Patient—Yes; but, say, doctor, paper's awful hard to get down, an' it didn't seem to do me no good.—Chicago News.

Employer—And how long were you in your last place, my good man? James (just out of Folsom penitentiary)—Ten years, sir, and I never had a single evening out.—Ex.

"Why, gentlemen!" cried the after-dinner speaker, tragically, "what would this nation be without the ladies?" "Stag-nation, of course," murmured the Cheerful Idiot.—Judge.

"Didn't you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?" "No; Mr. Dash said he was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we did."—Detroit Free Press.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are plenty of bright, intelligent girls in the neighborhood.

A Guarantee and a Promise. "Do you guarantee this goods not to fade?" "Absolutely! And if it does we will sell you new goods to match the changed color."—Indianapolis News.

Not His Fault. "Do you realize," said the economist, "that there is a heavy surplus in the United States Treasury?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "it ain't my fault."—Washington Star.

Newlywed—"Why don't you take a wife?" Bachelor—"My income is only sufficient for one." Newlywed—"Well, if she really loved you she would probably be satisfied with that."—Puck.

"Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away." "Oh, no! At breakfast I just stand his newspaper up in front of a plate and half the time I really forget he isn't there."—Exchange.

"That is your husband rapping!" announced the medium in a solemn voice. "My husband rapping?" said the widow, absently; "gracious! he must have forgotten his night-key!"—Philadelphia Record.

In His Favor. She—Papa says that a young man who smokes cigarettes will never set the world on fire. He—Well, that's the first good thing I ever heard of any one say of a cigarette smoker.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dr. Brown—"Well did you keep the thermometer in the room at 70 degrees, as I told you?" Mrs. Murphy—"I did, indeed, doctor, but I had a hard time to do it. The only place it would stay at sixty was for the chimney-piece."—Life.

Poet—I was pleased to see my poem in your paper. Is there any money—Editor—Oh, no; we sha'n't charge you anything this time. It is your first offense, you know. If, however, it is repeated, we can not let you off again so easily.—Boston Transcript.

Young Wife—"I received to-day a beautiful diploma from the cooking school—on parchment—and I've celebrated by making you this dish. Now, just guess what it is." Young Husband (chewing on his burnt omelet)—"The diploma?"—Fleegende Blatter.

Manoeuvres. Lieutenant Nobs (just arrived)—How long will you take to drive me to the fort, cabby? Cabby—Ten minutes, captaining, by the short cut through the hallways. But the military allus goes the long way round, through the fashionable part o' the town, yer honor, which takes an hour. (Cabby gets his hour.)—Punch.

"Cordin' t' th' statoots," began Judge Wayback, as he stood up, "I'll hev t' giv' y' ten years t' th' pennytincherry." "But," exclaimed the lawyer for the defendant, jumping to his feet, "there are extenuating circumstances." "They is!" cried the judge in alarm. "Ef I thought that, turned ef I wouldn't giv' him fifteen years."—Columbus Journal.

"There, my dear," said the returned hunter, "there's one bird for you, anyway. Bagged him just as I was about to give up in disgust." "Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "it's a carrier-pigeon, isn't it?" "Not much! It's a quail." "But it has a card tied to its leg, with some message on it. Let's see. It says: 'John Jones, Poultry and Game, Central Market.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The doctor examined his patient carefully, and, with a grave face, told him that he was very ill, and asked if he had consulted any one else. "Oh," said the man, "I went to see a druggist and asked his advice, and he—" "Druggist?" the doctor broke in, angrily; "what was the good of that? The best thing you can do when a druggist gives you a bit of advice is to do exactly the opposite." "And he," the patient continued, "advised me to come to you."—Ex.

WEEDS EXTIRPATED.

Professor E. W. Hilgard says that "Perennial weeds, like morning glory, wild heliotrope, seashore verberna, milkweed, Johnson grass, Bermuda and salt or alkali grass, can be effectively extirpated by a simple process followed out faithfully for one season at least. The tops or sprouts must be cut continuously as soon as they begin to show above the surface of the ground, and before they have had time to strengthen the roots or rootstocks by putting out green leaves, thus exhausting the nourishment stored in the subterranean vegetation, in the vain efforts to reach the sunlight." That process is truly "simple" enough, but few there be who are able to accomplish it. The writer can testify from personal knowledge that pulling out, in the spring, every root which can be got hold of and burning it, and consistently following it up until harvest, and then forgetting all about it, tends rather to help than to hinder the growth of these pestiferous plants. As to the best method of doing this work, Professor Hilgard continues as follows:

In cultivated ground this can best be done by means of a sharp "duckfoot" weed cutter or cultivator, run two to three inches deep, as often as may be necessary, and supplemented by the hoe where the cutter cannot reach, as in orchards and vineyards. It is essential that the tool be kept well sharpened, for otherwise it will drag and tear instead of cutting the stems, and the dragged stems will recover, while each piece torn off will make a new plant. This may have to be done once a week for some time; in other soils oftener, in others less often; but not a single cutting must be omitted on pain of losing most or all the advance previously made, toward the exhaustion of the roots, which is sure to ensue from the failure of the sustenance derived from the air, if the plan is persistently pursued.

It is idle, however, to employ halfway means in this work. It must be consistently and faithfully carried out and is then sure to be effective. If it be objected that it is troublesome and costly, it should be remembered that in the end even the entire loss of one season's crop on the infested ground is much cheaper than the everlasting fight and short crops for years; or than the trenching and screening of the ground sometimes resorted to as a last remedy, and yet ineffective because every inch of the rootstocks or morning glory, Johnson or Bermuda grass will root independently, and it is impossible to be sure of removing every such fragment from the land.

POULTRY NOTES.

The sooner the egg reaches the consumer the better.

The first step to prosperity is a first-class advertisement.

Always cater to the trade, studying the wishes of the market.

It is just as important to know how to feed, as what to feed.

Dark pin feathers give a dirty appearance to a dressed carcass.

The legs of dressed poultry should be nice and clean when sent to market.

Keep a careful record of all your matings and know just what you are doing.

Keep the hens and pullets separated if you want a profit from the flock.

Prize winning birds will not grow in crowded and filthy quarters, no matter how well they are fed.

The Oldest and Best.

S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and remove all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that most horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

A record of nearly fifty years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical correspondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All letters receive prompt and careful attention. Our physicians have made a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases than the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease.

We are doing great good to suffering humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge whatever for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Shopping in Athens.

In his volume on "Modern Athens," George Horton says that shopping in the Greek capital is a more elaborate, time consuming and minute process even than with us. "The oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and often three or four hours of patient will contest pass before a compromise is reached. The patron asks, 'How much is this piece of silk?' 'One dollar a yard,' is the reply. 'Thirty cents' is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apopleptic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost 95 cents. 'The lady takes a seat with a sigh and after twenty minutes inquires innocently, 'Finally, 30 cents?' 'Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, 95 cents.' 'You poor thing!' sighs the lady sarcastically. There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring good naturedly that she had been swindled and that she will never come back again."

The Rival Gorillas.

Once upon a time a gorilla was in love, and while he delayed his proposal a rival appeared on the scene, gained the affections of the one he loved, proposed, was accepted and soon married her.

A year passed, and the disappointed lover called on his successful rival while he was swinging on a hickory limb, with a crying baby in his arms, and silently listened to his wife scolding him for some fancied breach of household regulations.

"That was a narrow escape," he said as he turned quickly in his tracks and hurried away.

Moral—Delays are dangerous for the other fellow.—New York Herald.

Doctor—"Pears to me laik de boy dun got acute indegshun. Aunt Lucy (smiling through her tears)—Dat's it, doctah! Dat boy, sick er well, dun eb'ry'ting cute!—Judge.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

LIMBER NECK.

A writer in Home and Farm says of this very troublesome disease among poultry:

Though not contagious, it usually proves fatal, unless in the first stages, at which time it readily succumbs to treatment. It is caused from live maggots which the fowls have gathered from the dead carcasses of some bird or beast. These maggots are taken into the crop, where they retain life, and gradually stop the fowl's digestive organs from working, hence violent diarrhoea. When first attacked ten drops of turpentine poured down the chicken's throat will usually give relief; but sometimes it is necessary to make a small incision in the upper part of the crop and remove the maggots, after which a stitch must be taken to close up the wound. When the disease is first discovered, a thorough search of the premises should be made, and the cause removed. A rat, fowl, or, in fact, any dead carcass will furnish a cause during the hot season. The disease never exists during cold weather.

I might also mention that the filth of the henhouse may also be the cause. Droppings which are allowed to remain several days become alive with maggots and, strange to say, the hens will scratch over this filth and gather them into their crops. One can not exercise too much care in keeping the surroundings of the poultry yard clean. Most of the ills of poultrydom may be traced to neglect of cleanliness. Air-slacked lime is one of the best and cheapest disinfectants, and should be used liberally during the hot weather.

Mrs. Watson's Message.

She tells all suffering women how she was cured of Ovarian Inflammation by



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you a few months ago I had been suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over eighteen months. I had a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I believe my troubles were caused by overwork and lifting some years ago. Life was a drag to me and I felt like giving up. I had several doctors, but they did me little good. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four months ago and am in better health to-day than I have been for years. All my pains are gone. Your Vegetable Compound has made me well. I recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.

When there is one remedy that is sure, and hundreds of thousands of women know from experience is reliable, is it wise to experiment with untried and comparatively unknown medicines?

\$5000 REWARD

We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

LOSS OF BUTTER FAT.

It is not possible, under even the most favorable conditions, to recover all the butter fat at the churn which was in the milk or cream. With careful manipulation, suitable temperatures and good utensils it is possible to recover nearly all of it, but from carelessness and other causes a considerable amount may be lost. Some partisans of the Jerseys have long claimed that, because of the larger size of fat globules in Jersey milk it is possible to recover a larger percentage of the butter fat from the churn than it is of Holstein milk, which contains much smaller fat globules.

As far as a single experiment goes, this claim is not borne out by results obtained in the model dairy at the Pan-American Exposition. Once a week a day's milk from each herd was churned, results carefully analyzed and made the basis of the figures. A comparison of the breeds will show that, while Holsteins stand lowest, in that the greatest amount of butter fat was lost from their milk, the Jerseys stand second, with Polled Jerseys at the head of the list. A comparison between the amount of butter made and the amount which it was calculated the fat would make gives some thought for study, as well as the comparison between the amount of fat shown by analysis and the calculated fat.—American Agriculturist.

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No. 52, 1901

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Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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